HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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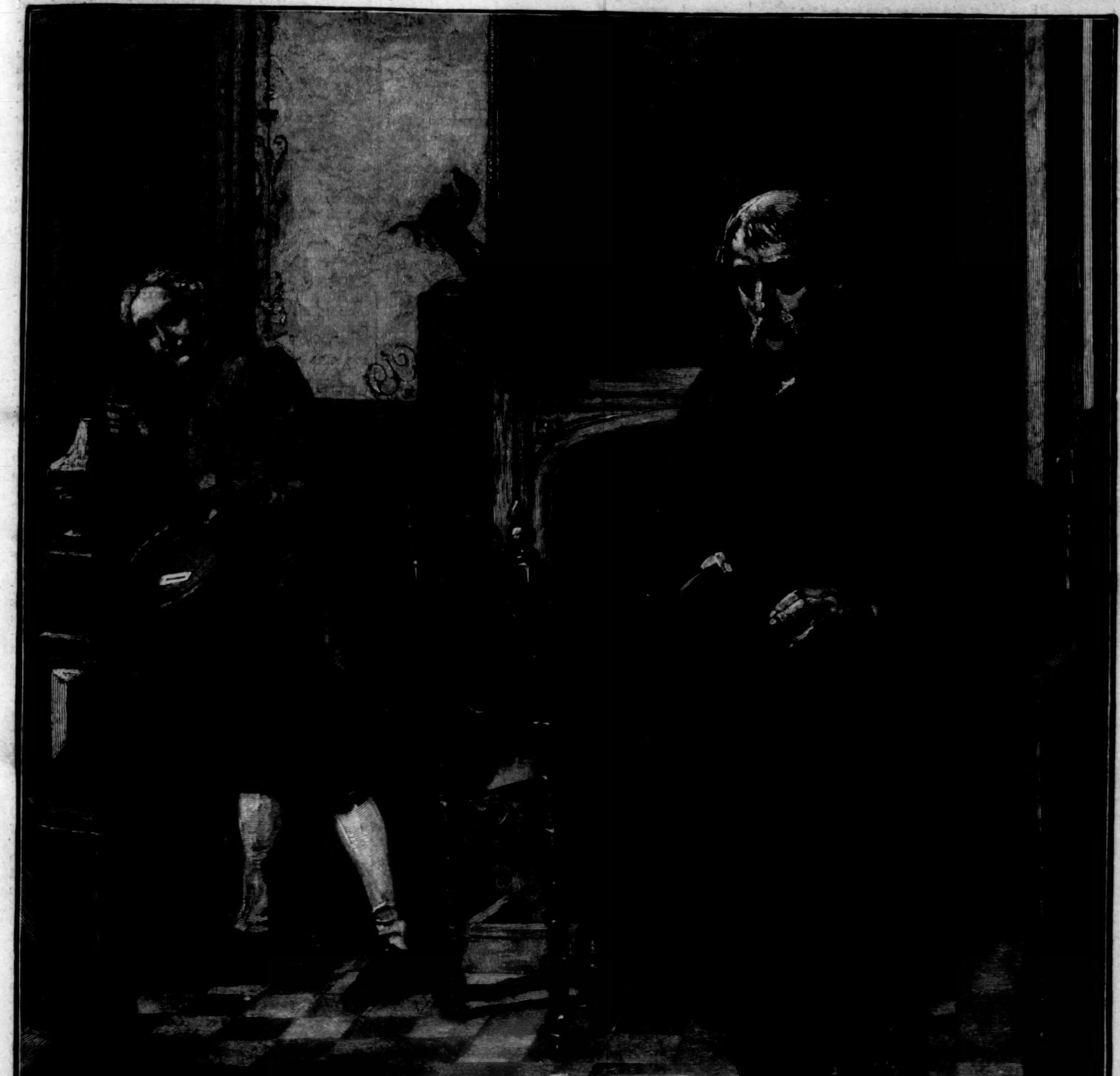


AN OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, May 19, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* Harper's Magazine, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers *not later than August 1, 1883, addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department*, Harper & Brothers, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $300; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $200; *one page* Harper's Young People, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messrs. Harper & Brothers *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE CIVIL SERVICE RULES.

THE rules of the Civil Service Commission, which, after prolonged explanation and deliberation in the cabinet, have been approved and adopted by the President, mark an important and beneficent step of progress in methods of administration. The event is very significant and encouraging because it is evidence of the disposition and ability of the country to deal wisely with administrative evils and abuses as they arise. It is one of the vindications of a free popular system that it corrects its own excesses. The mischiefs which it is proposed to reform are not necessary parts of our system of parties and governments, as is sometimes asserted; they are excrescences which must be removed before they impair fatally the essential vigor of that system. It is to this perception, plainly expressed at the last election, after public attention had been thoroughly aroused both by discussion and by all the circumstances of the assassination of Garfield, that the passage of the reform bill was due. The new rules, therefore, appear under entirely different circumstances from those that attended the rules of 1872. Those were approved and adopted by President Grant wholly in advance of public opinion, and of course without the public sympathy and support which are indispensable to the success of such a reform. The public was apathetic, Congress was contemptuous, politicians were scornful, and the President soon abandoned the endeavor. But the effort, although fruitless of immediate practical results, was most useful in awakening public attention, in showing the reason and the necessity of reform, in furnishing facts and information of every kind, and in answering the theoretical objections of ignorance and prejudice and demagogic cant; and under the administration of President Hayes the perfect practicability and immense advantage of the reformed system were conclusively demonstrated in the New York Custom-house upon the basis of the rules of 1872.

Under happier auspices the new scheme, which embodies the same fundamental principles, is now introduced. It is drawn with great skill and sagacity, and is a simple and comprehensive working scheme for the whole reform bill. This thoroughness is doubtless due to the presence upon the commission of Mr. Eaton, who prepared the original draft of the bill, and who is entirely familiar with its purport and its details. The rules provide for admission to the service and for promotion by open competition and probation, the probation being the test of that practical efficiency which nothing but actual trial can determine. They prescribe also the general subjects of examination and the general method of grading, together with the details of application, records, and general care and conduct of examinations. The selection for appointment is to be made in each case under the rules from among the four highest names in order upon the eligible list, and in presenting the names sex will be disregarded unless the appointing officer shall otherwise determine. The scheme wisely applies at the outset only to the departments at Washington, to twenty-three Post-offices and eleven Custom-houses, and it includes about 10,000 employés. All political and religious discrimination is forbidden, as well as official coercion of political action and political assessments. The whole scheme is admirable, and its scope and effectiveness will be best perceived by those who have devoted most attention to the subject.

The rules, although drawn by the Commission, are the President's rules. They derive all their validity from his approval and adoption. Their publication by him is the announcement to the country that it is in this way that he proposes to enforce the reform bill. The result depends, therefore, upon his good faith. If it is understood in the various offices concerned that the President honestly desires to enforce the reformed method, the examining boards, composed of local officers, will act accordingly. There are undoubtedly important officers in the New York Custom-house, for instance, who are contemptuously hostile to the reformed system. If they consulted only their own feelings they would unquestionably obstruct and discredit it in every way possible. But if they know that the President is really in earnest, and that the Commission holds the details of enforcement under strict scrutiny, they will hardly dare to indulge a hostility which may imperil themselves. The President's position, therefore, is of the highest importance, and it seems to be clear that he desires to give the new system fair play. Although some incidents of his administration have certainly shown indifference to the spirit and principles of the reform bill, it will not be denied that in the exercise of his great power of appointment President Arthur has generally seemed to consult the public welfare rather than the mere interests of a party. The proof of this lies in the fact that his administration is regarded as a failure by the Stalwart or spoils Republicans, who complain that he looks more to the public than to party advantage. That in this course he is a wiser politician than those of his associates who deplore it, the event will show. The policy which some of his party counsellors have favored would have destroyed the Republican party. Its continued prosperity depends upon the conviction that there is no need of a change of party control of the government to assure such an administration as the country desires.

TAMMANY IN THE MARKET.

The plain and decisive message of remonstrance sent by Governor Cleveland to the Senate has exasperated Tammany Hall because it tells the simple truth about the league which bears that name. Last year the various wings and "halls" of the Democratic party made a bargain for the election, and in accordance with it Tammany nominated Mr. Edson for Mayor. He was elected, but, as an intelligent and self-respecting man, he has naturally broken, in his scheme of a new city charter, with the knot of mercenary politicians known as Tammany. Mr. Cleveland was nominated for Governor in a Democratic Convention to which Tammany was admitted. He was elected, but he also, as an honorable citizen, has refused to trade with Tammany, and he is consequently denounced by it. It is obviously impossible for those citizens who have some interest in the public welfare, and who require some decency in politics, to act with Tammany.

Tammany Hall is the name of a large and well-disciplined body of political strikers. They have no other rule of action than "the make." They are composed of the more ignorant camp-followers of the Democratic party, but their business is to trade with any party or political organization, and to secure as much plunder as possible. Their association with any party is proof that the party managers have assented to their terms. Their breach with any party shows only that they have not been paid enough. The importance of such a band of political adventurers and guerrillas arises wholly from their numbers. In a city like New York it is not difficult, by appealing to ties of a common race and a common faith and a common hope of gain, to recruit a large body of ignorant voters who will act as a unit and implicitly obey orders. This body, as was shown in 1879, will be increased by all who have a grievance of any kind to wreak upon the party to which the adventurers are for the time opposed, so that it may readily hold the political balance of power in the State, and give the victory to the party which will offer it the largest share of plunder. Such a body is a most demoralizing element in politics, and a great deal of the disgust and indignation which have weakened the Republican party in New York is due to the bargains made by the Republican machine in the city with Tammany Hall. Tammany Republicans are no better than Tammany Democrats; and the powerful alliance of such traders bearing decent party names is one of the chief perils of the political situation.

It is evident that Tammany is again in the market. It has been unable to control the Governor and the Mayor, and it will make mischief with the Democratic party unless it can be hired to return upon stringent terms adequately secured. Next year brings a general election, in which the vote of New York will be most important, if not decisive. It is not extravagant to say that Tammany Hall can decide how that vote shall be cast. The most sanguine Democrat would not anticipate the success of his party were Tammany Hall in open opposition, as in the State election of 1879. In the present political situation, therefore, while no question of general policy is strong enough in the public mind to reconstruct parties, the election of 1884 is largely at the mercy of this utterly venal squad. It is one of the most significant signs of the lull which precedes great political changes.

MR. CONKLING'S VIEW.

Mr. Conkling, in a late speech which has produced a good deal of amusement, predicts the success of the Democratic party next year, and by implication ascribes Republican defeat to Republican repudiation of him and his counsels. "Two years ago," he says, "the Republican party came out with flying colors from the greatest battle it had ever fought; weighted down and struggling against heavy odds, it triumphed, and flew its banner in every State from sea to sea. To-day in almost every State from sea to sea it lies prostrate." He adds in effect that the defeat of his plans at Chicago in 1880 set the country back ten years. Mr. Conkling speaks with the natural asperity of a man who knows that he will figure in our political history solely as the baffled leader of a conspiracy against the sound traditions of the government and the convictions of the country, and as a Senator guilty of an inconceivably childish folly. But that is not a reason that his misrepresentations should not be exposed.

During the second administration of General Grant the influence of Mr. Conkling and his friends was supreme. The result was so great and general a public alarm and indignation that the Republican party was saved from destruction in the reaction only by a nomination in 1876 which implied Republican determination to pursue a different policy. As it was, the election was decided only by a majority of one vote awarded by the Electoral Commission, Mr. Conkling as Senator aiding the Democrats by absenting himself from his seat. The Republican administration that followed was so clean, upright, and able that Mr. Conkling's ostentatiously contemptuous hostility to it was ludicrously futile; and the action of the Chicago Convention of 1880, in which he attempted to drive the party to return to the era which had been condemned, and to return by the overthrow of a most cherished and wise tradition, showed so plainly the total prostration of the *régime* which Mr. Conkling represented, and the thorough emancipation of the party from its control, that Republican success was signal and decisive. The result of the election of last autumn, and especially the overwhelming and unprecedented anti-Republican majority in New York, was due to the Republican apprehension that the methods and politics associated with Mr. Conkling were resuming control of the party. It was a warning that Republican cohesion and success were impossible so long as counsels which had discredited and almost ruined the party were tolerated in its control. In a word, the decline of Republican ascendency dates from Mr. Conkling's supremacy; the party re-invigoration in 1880, to the conviction that that supremacy was wholly overthrown; the party reverse in 1882, to the apprehension that it might be restored. Had Mr. Conkling's third-term conspiracy succeeded in 1880, it would have set the country back much more than ten years, for it would have led to an overwhelming Democratic restoration.

Mr. Conkling knows instinctively the true source of his humiliation and defeat. It is the general and just conviction that Republican misfortunes are due to degrading and corrupting political methods, of which he is the accepted representative. In his speech, therefore, he could not refrain from a fling at administrative reform. "When these statesmen," he said, "shall turn away from that great issue—the finding out of what boy or what girl shall have a place in the government employ." This is inexpressibly comical as proceeding from a statesman who withdrew from statesmanship altogether and abandoned his country to her fate because he could not control the appointment of the Collector of New York.

CHARITY AND COMMON-SENSE.

The report presented at the second annual meeting of the Charity Organization Society in New York forcibly illustrated the shrewd remark of the Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter, that to allow alms-giving to be controlled by sentimental emotion is to promote poverty, suffering, and crime. Dr. Potter told the story of a man who had lived for many years upon alms given to him in consequence of a letter written many years ago by Dr. Potter's father, then Bishop of Pennsylvania. "That letter," he said, "proved the ruin of an honest man."

This society, of which we have spoken more than once, is one of the most energetic and efficient agencies of charity in the city, and none deserves more generous support. It makes immediate and thorough inquiry by means of experienced persons, and enables relief to be promptly given, either by relief societies or by individuals, where it is really necessary, while it discovers and exposes the endless tricks of knavery to trade upon the show of suffering and the generous desire to relieve it. With all the unquestionable poverty and even destitution that exist in the city, the extent of cunning fraud under guise of begging is very much greater than is suspected. This imposition is so well known to those who have most carefully investigated the subject that it is not surprising to find that they regard indiscriminate, sentimental, and ignorant alms-giving in the street, or upon mere representation, whatever may be the plea or the apparent necessity, as a grave offense against social order and morality, of which, with all that is now known, no intelligent citizen should be guilty.

Of course he is not to satisfy himself with a mere refusal and the rebuke of a probable impostor. He is to do two things: first to give money, not to the beggar, but to the society to enable it to ascertain whether and how aid should be afforded; and second, to give such aid either personally or through some relief society known to him. When intelligent and public-spirited citizens are giving time and thought and money and labor to deal wisely with the great problem of charity, the least that the rest of us can do is to support their good work and heed their wise suggestions.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE AND THE ANNEX.

In response to the petition asking that the educational advantages of Columbia College in certain defined ways should be opened to women, the special committee of the trustees selected to consider the subject have prepared a plan which has been submitted to the board for consideration. They decide that as the college is unable to furnish rooms for separate instruction, it is useless to consider how many of the faculty would volunteer to teach or how they should be paid, because the students would be so widely dispersed. They think that at present the education of women should be carried on in schools of their own, and when such schools, of the proper character and grade, have been provided by private liberality in the city, a way will doubtless be found to connect them with the system of the college, and to secure the attendance of the college professors.

In the mean time the committee propose a collegiate course of study, covering four years, to which entrance and other examinations shall be very thorough and strict, to be conducted by officers of the college, by whom also certificates of proficiency and successful completion of the course shall be awarded. The happy execution of the plan would lead, as the committee believe, to the endowment of a department for women, such as is now known as an annex. This is substantially the relation of Girton College to Cambridge University in England.

The practical argument for the common collegiate instruction of men and women in certain branches is the immense saving of force and material which is gained by avoiding a duplication of buildings and apparatus and time. If, for instance, Æschylus is to be read or a mathematical problem to be demonstrated to forty students, there is obviously enormous waste in requiring that the forty shall be divided into two classes, and the same work done twice and in different places. But this consideration involves, of course, the method which Columbia does not favor, and the present proposition shows a gratifying disposition to respond, so far as consistent with the conservative traditions of the college, to the progressive demand of the time.

WESTWARD HO!

While the series of our centennial celebrations comes to an end for the present at Newburgh on the 18th of October, when, under national and State auspices, the disbanding of the Revolutionary army will be duly commemorated in the oration by Mr. Evarts and with imposing ceremonies, there will be a tercentenary in New Mexico this summer. The three-hundredth anniversary of the Spanish occupation of Santa Fe, the oldest town in the United States, will begin on the 2d of July and continue for several weeks.

The city now known as Santa Fe was a Pueblo town, the existence of which was first reported by a Spanish explorer in July, 1583, and the neighborhood he asserted to contain forty thousand people. This is a misty story, but it seems to be clear that an Indian town was seen here three hundred years ago, which was even then of a certain antiquity. And as it is supposed that the town must have been more than twenty years old, the Spanish settlement upon its site called Santa Fe is blended with the Indian town, and priority is claimed for it over St. Augustine, which was founded in 1565.

In any case,

> "Here in old time the hand of man hath been,"

and the people of New Mexico have resolved to devote a month to commemorative pageants, feasts, games, and historical addresses, among the three civilizations which still survive side by side—the old Indian, the Spanish, and the modern American. The summer climate of New Mexico is declared to be "glorious." The celebration will fall in the vacation season. It will be singularly novel and fascinating. The railroads will probably give reduced fares. Why should not Wordsworth's question be that of the summer?

> "What! are you stepping westward?"

THE FRANKLIN COLLECTION.

It is long since the State Department has received so valuable an addition as that of the manuscripts and documents known as the Franklin Collection. For many years Mr. Henry Stevens, in London, has been industriously accumulating all the papers of Dr. Franklin that he could find, and his success has been extraordinary. Among the documents is the original petition sent by the Continental Congress to the King in 1774. This is of great historical value, and, as a correspondent of the *Tribune* points out, it completes the series of four documents of the highest importance, the other three being the originals of the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution. These are all in the possession of the State Department.

There are also the autograph of works of Franklin, the letter-book and record of the American legation in Paris during the Revolution, and a large and most valuable mass of correspondence. There are 2938 manuscripts in the collection, of which only 628 have been printed. There are also books, and the best collection of the Poor Richard Almanacs.

There has been always a mystery about the Franklin papers, the common scandal being that the British Government bribed William Temple Franklin to suppress them. The *Tribune* correspondent reports Mr. Henry Stevens's views of the whole matter. He does not believe the bribery, but he thinks Temple Franklin to have been a very incompetent editor and owner of such treasures, which, after an imperfect publication, he locked up in a safe, and died without again opening. From whom Mr. Stevens obtained them he does not say, but promises to tell hereafter. The *Tribune's* account of the collection is excellent, but it would be interesting to have a complete and detailed memoir of the whole subject.

THE "KEIM INCIDENT."

The withdrawal of Mr. Keim, and the immediate appointment of Mr. Charles Lyman to be Chief Examiner under the Civil Service Commission, is a fortunate solution of the difficulty. Mr. Lyman is admirably qualified for the position. He has been long in the public service, he is well known as a warm and intelligent friend of the reformed system, and he is practically familiar with its methods. The action of the President in the matter has been most honorable. It is understood that it was he who felt most strongly and pointed out most plainly the necessity of intrusting the work at the beginning only to its known friends. The incident is another illustration of his evident good faith in regard to the reform.

THE STATE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

The prompt approval of the State reform bill by the Governor, and his nomination of Messrs. Andrew D. White, Augustus Schoonmaker, and Henry A. Richmond as Commissioners, showed an earnestness of purpose which is the assurance of cordial Executive co-operation. We feared that the necessary absorption of President White in his duties at Cornell University might compel him to decline the new duties, which at first must be engrossing. This would be unfortunate because of the singular fitness of Mr. White for the position and his great interest in the subject.

Mr. Richmond is one of the stanchest and most intelligent friends of reform, to which he has given energetic aid in many ways; and while Mr. Schoonmaker's views upon the question are unknown to us, his character and ability are the security of efficient service in a position which he would not accept were he unfriendly to the object for which it was created. The bill, *mutatis mutandis*, is the reform bill which passed Congress, applied especially to the State, with the addition of two sections, containing the substance of a separate bill introduced early in the session by Mr. Miller, which require of the Commission a general investigation into the civil service of counties and cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants as regards methods of appointment, removal, terms of service, duties, compensation and number of clerks, with the purpose of ascertaining what reforms may be desirable.

The general bill is permissive, but not mandatory, upon cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants. In this it begins with limitations like the national bill, which, as we state elsewhere, applies at first to ten thousand offices only, and not to the whole service. The bill, however, honestly administered, provides an adequate beginning for practical reform, and the gentlemen who compose the Commission will unquestionably hew to the line.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Edward A. Freeman declares that for a long time he has believed that Parliamentary oaths and affirmations should be got rid of altogether. "The promise, whether in the shape of oath or affirmation, made by members on taking their seats, seems to answer no good purpose, while it is always possible that it may be a snare to the conscience. I should extend this remark to all oaths or affirmations taken on admission to office, or the like; that is, to all promises to act in some way not very well defined, for some time not very well defined, for the term of one's life, or as long as one holds a particular office. Oaths or affirmations of this vague kind have nothing in common with the oath or affirmation taken in a court of justice, where some kind of solemnity does seem needful to distinguish the solemn statement of a witness from ordinary talk."

—Mr. Irving, the actor and manager, is to produce in the Lyceum Theatre, London, all the plays that are to be performed by his company during their approaching visit to this country. These plays are *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Bells*, *The Lyons Mail*, *Hamlet*, *Charles I.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Louis XI.*, *Eugene Aram*, and *The Belle's Stratagem*.

—In Monaco, the well-known resort of gamblers, there has been erected a little English church, which, according to its chaplain, the Rev. William Wight, M.A., is acting as a check upon those who "wish to be free of all moral restraints." The Bishop of Gibraltar, on the contrary, expresses the fear that, by making Monaco more attractive, it will increase the prosperity of the gambling hells.

—Canoeists will find Mr. Alden's *Cruise of the Canoe Club*, published by Harper & Brothers, a complete manual of canoeing. The art of sailing and of paddling canoes on lakes and among rapids, the various methods of rigging canoes, of making canoe-tents, and of fitting steering gear—in short, the whole theory and practice of canoeing—are set forth in this little book in the guise of a story. It is true that the story is written for boys, but the great facts of canoeing are not affected by the age of canoeists.

—The Duke of Edinburgh has been the victim of an impostor, to whom he gave seventy-five dollars in charity, but who turned out to be the widow of a warden of a convict prison in Australia instead of the niece of an Australian Governor. She had received also fifty dollars from Mrs. Gladstone. She is now serving a sentence of imprisonment with hard labor for six months.

—Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Things have indeed reached a pitch when a grave writer in the *North American Review* can speak of the persons who compose the great trading corporations as 'the dangerous classes,' whose action threatens to bring about a social convulsion. We are free, no doubt, from any such peril in England, for in this country the freedom of individual enterprise and combination has never been allowed to reach the proportions of unbridled license. But even we can not afford to forget that the price of respect for public interests is unceasing vigilance with regard to them. That was the political maxim most strongly brought home to the individualist philosopher Mr. Herbert Spencer by his visit to the land of the most unlimited freedom of enterprise, and in the interests of free enterprise itself the truth should never be forgotten."

—Lord Lorne (says the London *Daily Telegraph*) has done his work well in the Dominion, and there is fair reason to presume that the qualities he has displayed would enable him to rule India with credit to himself and advantage to the empire. Moreover, it would be fortunate in many ways were a daughter of Queen Victoria to visit the East and preside over Government House.

—Mr. Froude describes Lady Ashburton as "a gifted and brilliant woman, who cared nothing for the frivolous occupations of fashion," and who sought out "every man who had raised himself into notice by genuine intellectual worth." Carlyle speaks of her as "the most queen-like woman I had ever known or seen. The honor of her constant regard had for ten years back been among my proudest and most valued possessions."

—Mr. Thomas S. Perry's admirable work, entitled *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, published by Harper & Brothers, has attracted great attention abroad. An eminent German scholar writes regarding it, in a private letter: "I have read the greater part of it, and have derived from the perusal no less instruction than enjoyment. Without flattery I may say that the book, both in design and execution, is worthy of the highest praise, and that the profound scholarship and incisive and sound critical judgment which it displays excite my warm admiration."

—Immortality is assured to Jane Welsh Carlyle (writes one of her countrymen) as the heroic wife of her husband, but for whom his task could not have been accomplished. But she will live for her own sake as one of the brightest of English letter-writers.

—Was it not a part of Lord Beaconsfield's speciality, asks an acute observer, that the leading features of his character were far more powerfully impressed on those who studied him from afar than on his friends—that the near view of him confused the spectator?

—A new word is needed as the name of the murderous users or advocates of dynamite. One journal has coined the term "dynamitards"; another speaks of the "dynamiteurs."

—The vicar of Selby, England, has written a letter explaining that by the word "betters" the Church Catechism means, and should mean, "those who by birth, office, rank, power, yes, and riches—a very effective form of power—are in a better (that is, a superior) position to our own," thus adopting the doctrine of the old doggerel:

> "God bless the squire
> And all his rich relations,
> And teach us poor people
> To keep our proper stations."

—In one of Hawthorne's recently published books occurs the sentence: "Selfishness is one of the qualities apt to inspire love," which the *Spectator* takes as a text, and preaches three wide columns on. "Love," it remarks, "is not given for love half as often as it is given for musical tones and soft touches and sweetly urged claims. Affection tends to fix itself, not upon those from whom we receive gifts, but upon those who receive gifts from us. A very young baby is the most absolutely and frankly selfish of mortals. It insists upon every desire being gratified. And yet the person who suffers the most from these demands, the mother, is the person who loves the most."

—One of the most popular works of the kind ever published is Bishop Warren's *Recreations in Astronomy* (Harper & Brothers), which presents the subject on which it treats in a manner which makes scientific truths clear and interesting even to unscientific readers. Nearly ten thousand copies of the work have been disposed of within the last three months.

—The traveller in Ceylon notices that almost every native he meets warns him of the dreadful character of the other natives. Dr. Ernst Haeckel, while journeying there, was told by his native servant that the inhabitants of a certain village, where polyandry was practiced, were naturally very bad, because they "have always had a number of fathers, and as they inherit all the bad qualities of so many fathers, it is only natural that they should grow from worse to worse." "This new theory of inheritance," says the doctor, "startled me; it has hitherto been lacking in the ninth chapter of my *Natural History of Creation*, and its originality must make it interesting to every sincere Darwinist."

—Lord Wolseley, on receiving the honor of the presentation in a gold casket of an address from the Corporation of the City of London, put in a word in behalf of the non-commissioned officers and privates, "who, as a rule, share more largely in the hard knocks of war than in its subsequent honors."

—Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, formerly of St. Louis, has purchased the New York *World*, and Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, who has been connected with that paper for twenty years, retires from the field of journalism. The new proprietor is a gentleman of large journalistic experience, and possesses the requisite qualifications for making a bright and enterprising newspaper.

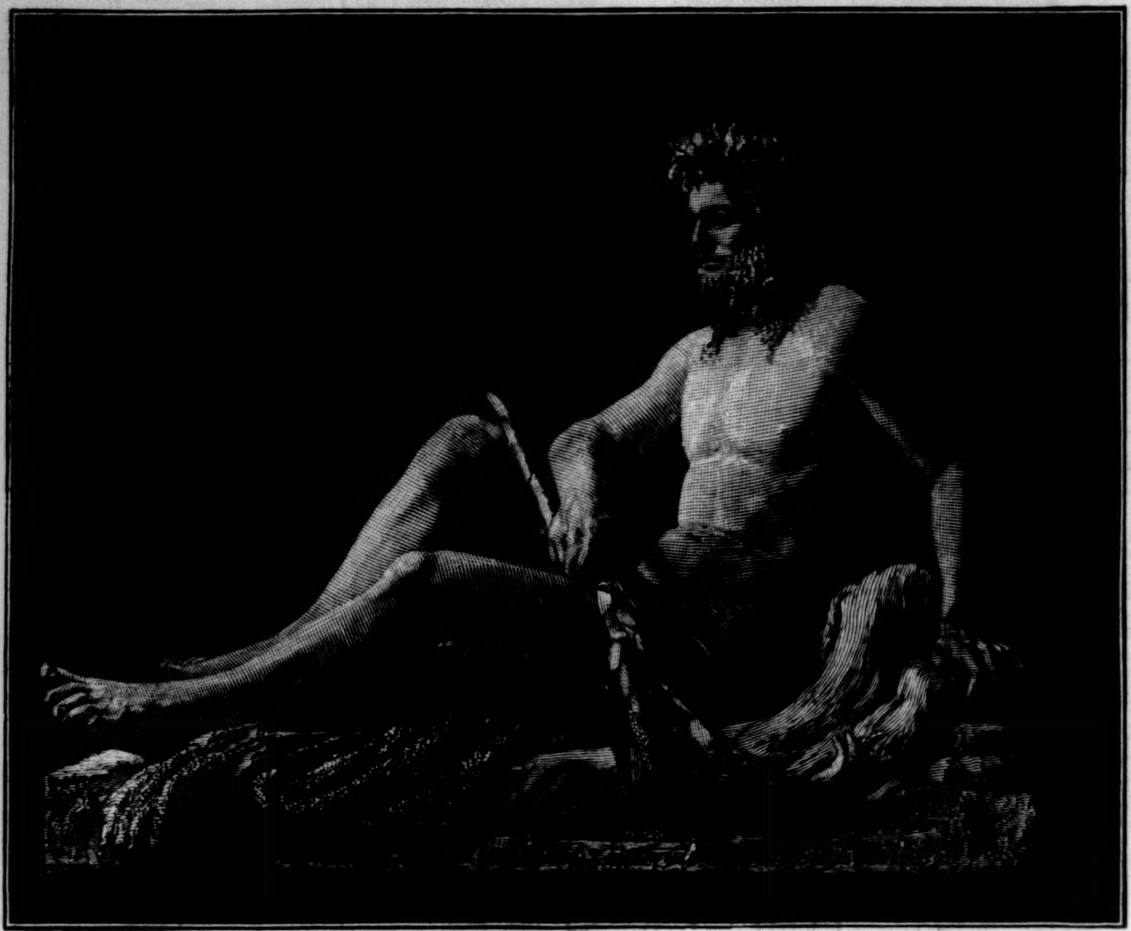
—The Governor of Baibert, in Armenia, is a sort of civilized Turk. He declares that his people are following European methods in their courts of justice, their schools, and their protection of civil liberty, and that in one respect they have the advantage over Europeans, for every Turkish peasant, however poor, is the owner of his land so long as he pays the moderate land tax, being not a serf like the Irishman, and, if poor, being so only according to the European standard of comfort.

—"I maintain my opinion," writes a foreign correspondent, "that of all modes of progression—and I have tried many, from an elephant to a Cairo jackass—that of camel-back is the most detestable."

—The London cabmen find an advocate in an editor of a newspaper in that city: "It is obvious to all persons having any knowledge of the subject that if the cabmen were only to receive their bare *6d.* per mile, not only would they fail to make any profit, but they could not pay for the hire of their vehicles. When persons pay a cabman his bare legal fare, they are often riding at his expense, for they are paying him a less amount than he has to pay the owners. A person who hires a cabman and drives a yard or two under two miles, and pays a shilling, is within his legal right, but he is acting neither justly nor generously." Why not change the law, then?

—Fish wives and lasses of Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Germany, and Holland, arrayed in their distinctive costumes, are a principal feature of the great International Fisheries Exhibition opened in London on the 12th inst.

—"In India," writes a lady correspondent, "we all rise early, and have our comfortable *chotahazree*, or little breakfast, about six o'clock. After that a mother of a family can always secure a quiet time, while the children go out for their morning walk, till breakfast at nine o'clock. Then comes the housekeeping. I have always kept a well-supplied store-closet, and have given out daily according to what I order and write down for luncheon, dinner, and breakfast next day. The fashion is for the cook to buy every day in the bazar a small quantity of each article that the lady writes down in her book, and the price, often after much disputing, is entered against it. Visiting hours are from twelve to two; but as morning rides, luncheons, tennis parties, and dinner parties bring us all together, our visits are really matters of ceremony, and the 'going round calling' a thing to be got over, and congratulated on when accomplished."



MEADE'S "MISSISSIPPI."

MR. MEADE'S STATUE.

A colossal statue of unveined Carrara marble, intended to personify the Mississippi River, is being chiselled in the studio of Mr. **Larkin G. Meade**, Jun., at Florence, on an order from Mr. **Elliott F. Shepard**, of this city, who has projected the work in honor of his father, the late Mr. **Fitz Shepard**, for forty years a resident of New York. In treatment, says the Roman *News*, the statue is not unlike the Nile group in Rome; and it is reported that the artist has endeavored to work into the features a close resemblance to the elder **Shepard** without sacrificing any of the artistic effect. The river-god, his head adorned with a wreath of tobacco and cotton, appears in a sitting posture, leaning against some rocks, while beneath him are bass-relief representations of Mississippi River steamboats, of the crocodile, the sugar-cane, and the negro. The figure is seventeen feet in length, the pedestal twelve feet long, and the weight of the marble about forty tons. Mr. **Shepard** proposes to present the work to the city of New York, where it will be "a symbol of a greater stream than that on the banks of which we live, and a reminder of the tribute which the mightiest valley of the New World has paid to the commerce of the metropolis."

CONSCRIPTION IN PARIS.

Every year during the month of February the streets of Paris are enlivened by scenes like that depicted in our illustration on this page. The artist has sketched a party of young men who have just returned from the "drawing." They have had their numbers furnished them by one of the many "industrials" who tout around the Hôtel de Ville, and having fixed their tickets in their hats, have taken a cab, with the intention of expressing their joy or grief, as the case may be, by making as much noise as possible. The public and the police tolerate their extravagance with good nature, remarking that they may not be quite so jolly a year hence.

The conscript begins his military service in October or November after the drawing. Under former regulations he was allowed, if able to do so, to pay a substitute, but under the present system he is compelled to serve; but so great is the disinclination of the youths of the *bourgeois* and middle classes to the life of the soldier that all who can command sufficient influence contrive to be sent to serve their time in the auxiliary services as clerks, commissariat officials, etc. In his recent work on the war between France and Germany Marshal **Bazaine** complains bitterly of the decay of military feeling in his own country, to which he attributed the disasters of that war. He says:

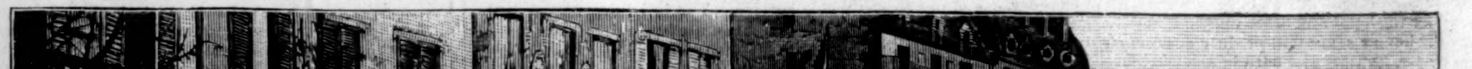
> "The depreciation of the military spirit was due to the fact that the intelligent mass of the nation which found means of evading the service placed it far below any learned profession, or even any trade. Soldiering was put down as *un état de paresse*, and honest *bourgeois* have been heard expressing their sympathy with the army by this significant phrase, '*Nous les payons pour qu'ils aillent se faire tuer.*' Thus many youths belonging to good *bourgeois* families were eager to find employment as clerks in the offices of the head-quarters staff at Metz, to keep them away from the ranks and the risks of shot and shell. Among the young men so employed was **M. St. Mark-Girardin**, Jun., who on his return to France received the Legion of Honor as a reward for his war services. The soldiers used to call these prudent young gentlemen *employés aux legumes*. They nominally were mobiles."

The compulsory system of military service works less injury to France in the way of driving young men from the country than it does in Germany, Frenchmen having an almost unconquerable aversion to leaving their native land; but undoubtedly it induces many to expatriate themselves who would otherwise remain useful citizens at home.

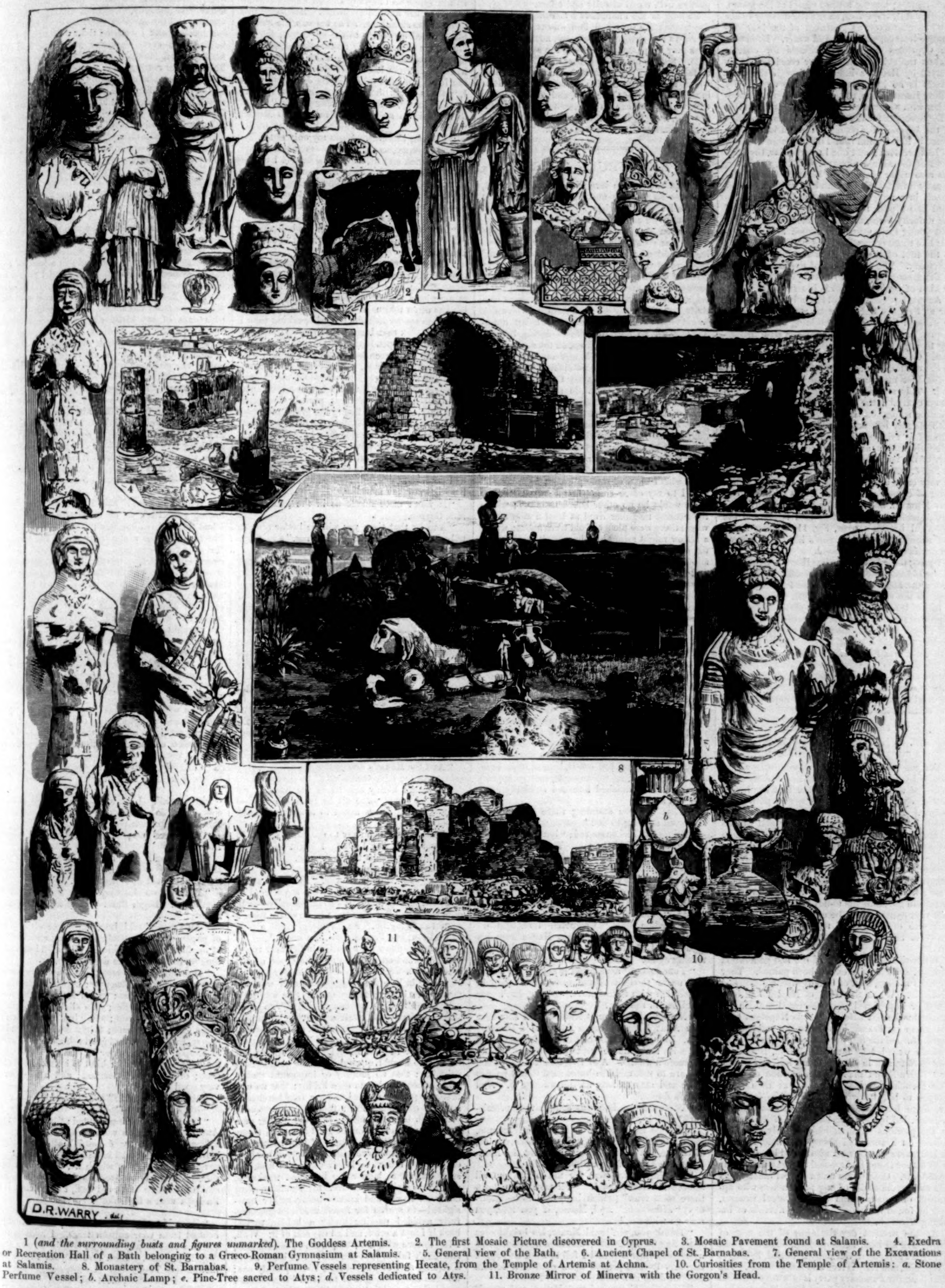
CYPRIOTE ANTIQUITIES.

Cyprus has yielded a rich harvest to archæologists of late. The mass of antiquities unearthed by General **Di Cesnola**—which England let slip, to the advantage of our New York public—was an earnest of the treasures awaiting further laborers in the same field, and within the last year two distinct series of excavations have been carried on by England, producing valuable fruit. While Mr. **George Hake** was busy for the South Kensington Museum, Herr **Max Richter** was at work privately for Mr. **Newton**, of the British Museum, with great success. Many of the latter explorer's discoveries are of the highest interest, as may be seen by our engravings of the most important objects unearthed, reproduced from photographs furnished by Herr **Richter**, who also supplies particulars of his labors.

Though, as her asserted birth-place, primarily devoted to the worship of Venus, the island in classical times seems to have paid considerable devotion to Artemis, judging from Herr **Richter**'s discoveries at the temple of the moon goddess at Achna, in the district of Famagusta. There he unearthed a vast quantity of



CONSCRIPTION IN PARIS.



1 (*and the surrounding busts and figures unmarked*). The Goddess Artemis. 2. The first Mosaic Picture discovered in Cyprus. 3. Mosaic Pavement found at Salamis. 4. Exedra or Recreation Hall of a Bath belonging to a Græco-Roman Gymnasium at Salamis. 5. General view of the Bath. 6. Ancient Chapel of St. Barnabas. 7. General view of the Excavations at Salamis. 8. Monastery of St. Barnabas. 9. Perfume Vessels representing Hecate, from the Temple of Artemis at Achna. 10. Curiosities from the Temple of Artemis: *a.* Stone Perfume Vessel; *b.* Archaic Lamp; *c.* Pine-Tree sacred to Atys; *d.* Vessels dedicated to Atys. 11. Bronze Mirror of Minerva with the Gorgon's Head.

THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS IN CYPRUS.

busts and figures of Artemis in stone and pottery, curiously illustrating the influence of the different styles of Art, and the gradual development from the early archaic type to the purer forms of Greek culture. This development may be plainly traced in the varied representations of Artemis bordering our page of engravings. Asiatic influence predominates in the earliest works, notably in the rude heads at the foot of the page, which strongly suggest Buddhist deities. A few rare vestiges of Phœnician taste are visible in several of the somewhat mummy-like forms at the side, while the graceful full-length figure of Fig. 1 belongs to the true Greek school. At first this figure was believed to represent Aphrodite Urania, but further research has proved its identity with Artemis, numerous similar heads having been found. Artemis appears also with the lyre, or, as in the headless statue to the left, accompanied by her dog; and many of the larger figures hold birds or lambs. The singular high head-dress, or "modius," crowning the majority of the busts, comes from Asia Minor, and is borrowed from the goddess Cybele. Besides the representations of Artemis herself, numerous rough idols, painted bright yellow, were found in the temple—evidently relics of the old Brauronian festivals in honor of Diana. These festivals took place every five years in the Attic city of Brauron, where girls from five to ten years of age were consecrated to the goddess, and invariably wore saffron-hued garments. Moreover, the children's playthings were dedicated in the sanctuary.

But these relics of Artemisian worship, interesting as they are, are hardly so important in an archæological sense as the curious perfume vessels of Fig. 9, which represent Hecate Trimorphos, and are the first of the kind ever found. As goddess of the three kingdoms—earth, sky, and water—Hecate or Proserpine was usually represented, in archaic fashion, with three heads or three figures; but the second vessel of the group, unfortunately imperfect, shows the divinity in her fourfold character, as guardian of the four elements—heaven, earth, air, and water. Even now the Cypriotes use similar vessels for charms against the evil-eye, which they consider can be averted by Hecate's influence, though the deity herself is no longer carved on the vessel. By calling Hecate Luna, the ancients often confounded her with the true moon goddess Diana, and this belief accounts for the presence of these emblems in the temple of Artemis. The curiosities depicted in Fig. 10, and found on the same spot, are no less precious; and one in particular, the fragment of the sacred pine-tree of Atys, marked *c*, has also never been found before, although frequently mentioned by classical writers. After Cybele in a rage had turned the Phrygian shepherd into a pine, the tree became the symbol of the unlucky lover, and an emblem of purity, so that young girls were accustomed to bring vessels like those represented at *d*, and dedicate them at the foot of the holy Atys trees in Artemis's sanctuary. The early form of the lamp *b* points to the great antiquity of the temple, while another kind of perfume vessel is illustrated at *a*.

Achna, however, was not the only site explored, for at Salamis Herr RICHTER was lucky enough to unearth the first large building of the Græco-Roman period known in Cyprus—a bath belonging to a gymnasium, and in excellent preservation. On excavating the remains he further found in the exedra, or recreation hall—shown in Fig. 4—the first mosaic picture discovered in the island. This mosaic is believed to represent Orpheus charming the animals with his lute, but the painting somewhat resembles the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out, considering that Orpheus himself is missing. However, the animals are tolerably perfect, as may be seen by Fig. 2, a portion of the surrounding pavement being depicted in Fig. 3. Apparently the pavement was broken in very early days, and was then covered with a layer of common material. Coins of the Emperors MICHAEL and ARCADIUS were dug up in the bath, besides two Byzantine lead seals, and the beautiful bronze mirror, Fig. 11, bearing in relief Athene with the Gorgon's head, surrounded by her favorite olive garland.

During these last researches Herr RICHTER staid at the old monastery of St. Barnabas, in the plain where the ancient city of Salamis formerly stood. Built in the early Byzantine style, the monastery is full of interest alike from an architectural and historical point of view, for beneath the neighboring chapel of St. Barnabas is a tomb where, according to Church tradition, the body of the Cyprian saint was found after many years. Owing to this discovery the Cyprian Church was granted independence, and to this day the Archbishop of Cyprus signs his name with red ink, and bears an imperial eagle on his seal, and an imperial globe and cross on his crosier.

THE REAL DANGER.

THE use which has latterly been made of dynamite by European revolutionists has in some cases led to the rash conclusion that the invention of dynamite has brought a new peril upon society. It is not the existence of dynamite which imperils the life of the Czar and throws all England into panic. Powerful explosives have for many years been within the reach of desperate men. The bombs of Orsini, loaded with fulminate of mercury, were as easily made and as dangerous as the nitro-glycerine bombs which slew Alexander II. The danger which threatens European governments to-day lies not in the mere fact that dynamite can be easily made, but in the existence of a class of revolutionists who are ready to use it as an instrument of assassination.

What the revolutionists of the last generation sought has to a large extent been gained. They were, as a class, men of intelligence, culture, and principle. When the King of Naples had banished or imprisoned every educated man in his dominions he felt safe, and Louis Napoleon kept his grasp on France by driving the intelligence and culture of the country into exile. In Italy the liberals were led by men like Manin, D'Azeglio, and Cavour, and in France Lamartine, Cavaignac, and Ledru-Rollin made the revolution of 1848. The French anarchist element was then small enough to be utterly crushed with the defeat of the June insurrection, and the extreme Italian radicals, led by Mazzini, had little, if any, share in the glorious work of making Italy a nation. Liberty in France and liberty and independence in Italy were won by men who would have shrunk with horror from the proposal to assassinate their opponents. Orsini, who was a typical fanatic, was the one revolutionist of any prominence who approved of assassination as a political weapon, and he found no imitators among liberals of his own generation.

At the present day the aims of the men of 1848 have all been accomplished. Hungary has her free Parliament, Germany is united, France is a republic, and Italy is free and independent. The European revolutionary party is now very different in aim and composition from what it was thirty years ago. It is composed of the ignorant and the reckless, and its purpose is communistic and anarchical. It demands the abolition of law and religion, the substitution of anarchy for order. Assassination is a weapon that one might naturally expect such a party to adopt. Men who proclaim themselves the enemies of God, and who seek to destroy every trace of His government on earth, have no moral standard by which they can condemn assassination. Wretches like Most and Hartmann, and the "Number One" of the Irish conspiracy, are the true leaders of the revolutionary party of to-day. They find dynamite ready to hand, and they use it. Had they lived thirty years ago, they would have used some other explosive with equal alacrity and effect.

So long as the anarchists constitute a class of the community they will find means of blowing up rulers and government officers, no matter what laws may be passed to prevent the sale of dynamite. Society must realize that it is brought face to face in deadly conflict with a class of men of whom the last generation knew nothing. It is in the character of these men, and not in the ease with which they can buy dynamite, that the danger lies, and it is this fact which the English press seems so far to have ignored.

AN AUBURN TRESS.

I FELL half-way in love with her at first sight, she was so entirely and refreshingly different from all the other girls I had ever met, and I had met quite a number, having, although sisterless, seven cousins of the fairer sex, each of whom was constantly discovering some "charming" friend or friends to whom "Cousin Tom" really *must* be introduced. But by only two or three of these charmers had "Cousin Tom" been enslaved, and then his chains were of the lightest, and had broken easily after a very short captivity. And so my five-and-twentieth birthday found me still heart-whole, and being heart-whole, with no despotic she to decide for me, wondering where I should spend my summer vacation. It was to be a longer one than usual, for Uncle John, in whose publishing house I was employed, had kindly placed the whole month of August at my disposal, in return, as he was pleased to say, for my close attention to business since the beginning of the year. I didn't want to go to one of the fashionable resorts, for I was not (although my cousins had done all they could toward making me one) a fashionable man. And then, again—which was perhaps a more important reason—I couldn't afford it.

"I wish I knew of some pleasant farm-house," said I to my office chum, Lon Fordyce, "where there would be no other boarders taken; where the nearest neighbor lived at least a mile away; where there were plenty of old trees about; where a fellow might swing in a hammock from 'morn till dewy eve' if he chose, and read and smoke and dream the time away to his heart's content; and where new, unskimmed milk, fresh eggs, crisp vegetables, ripe fruit, and tender chickens were realities, not myths. But where, oh! where can such Arcadian bliss be found? I've read of it in stories and newspaper advertisements, but I never knew anybody who had met it or anything like it—in their search for summer board and lodging, I mean. Quite the contrary has been my own experience; in fact, disgustingly the contrary."

All the time I had been speaking, Mouse had been listening attentively (Mouse was a twelve-year-old boy belonging to our department, his real name being Roderick; but that had been almost entirely forgotten since Lon and I rechristened him; and the new title had been conferred upon him on account of his noiseless way of moving around, his small, bright, dark eyes, and his general, as we thought, mousy appearance), and as I finished I turned suddenly upon him and asked:

"What are you standing there for, Mouse? Have you nothing to do?"

"Plenty, sir," he answered; "but I was a-thinkin' our folks might take you. They've got a nice farm, and big trees, and new chickens, and eggs, and fruit, and vegetables, and cow's milk, and everything you said you wanted 'cept an accordion, and I guess they could get that."

"An accordion!" repeated I, in great astonishment. "What in the world do you mean?"

"Accordion bliss," whispered Lon, and we both burst out laughing; but Mouse kept his ground, and regarded me gravely until I began talking again.

"Your folks?" said I, and it struck me that I had never thought of the quiet little chap in connection with folks before. "Why, don't your folks live in the city?"

"No, sir. They live at Nutwood. I stay here with Aunt Hannah, 'cause I'm to be a business man. Tim—he's nine—he's to be a farmer. And there isn't any house 'cept the Larrups' shanty for more'n a mile. And I've told 'em how good you are to me, and I'm 'most sure they'd let you come and stay as long as you wanted to. And there's ducks."

"Do you know, Lon, this sounds very promising?" said I.

"May be as deceptive as the advertisements, for all that," said Lon. "Not intentionally so, of course, but Mouse being a boy, and the farm-house the home of his childhood—"

"Nothing easier than for me to find out all about it," interrupted I. "I'll take a run down there to-morrow" (which happened to be Saturday) "afternoon. And, Mouse, if you like, you may go with me."

"Thank you, sir," said Mouse, his bright eyes sparkling with pleasure; and then he silently disappeared, while Lon and I fell to work as though our very lives depended upon getting a certain amount done in a certain length of time.

The next afternoon found Mouse and myself on board of an express train speeding away to Nutwood. It was after five o'clock when we arrived at the small station, for I had not been able to start as early as I had intended, and nearly six when we came in sight of a large old-fashioned peak-roofed barn, just beyond which stood a low, broad, comfortable-looking farm-house.

"That's our house and our barn; and there's Phil feedin' the chickens," said Mouse, in the sprightliest tones I had ever heard from him; and turning to glance at the youth "Phil" who was feeding the chickens, I saw the prettiest girl I had ever seen, standing in the wide doorway of the barn. On her head she wore a bewitching mob-cap made of dotted cambric, beneath the frill of which an intensely auburn wavy bang fell almost to her auburn eyebrows. Her dress was made of the same material as the cap, the sleeves being rolled up nearly to the shoulders, displaying a pair of beautifully rounded arms, and she held the corners of a large white apron in one hand, while from it she dispensed the supper of the fowls with the other. "By Jove!" thought I, "it was worth the journey from New York to see this lovely, truly rural picture alone." And then I said in an inquiring manner to Mouse, "Phil?"

"Yes, sir, Philippa. She's my only sister."

And Philippa, seeing us at this moment, did not utter a shriek and fly, as many a damsel I wot of would have done, but flung the remainder of the corn from her apron, and came smilingly toward us, walking with an easy grace that told plainly that she had never undergone the martyrdom of tight, high-heeled shoes.

"This is Mr. Lovejoy, Phil," said Roderick. "Come to see if mother 'll take him to board for a month."

"You are very welcome," said she, at the same time offering me a small brown hand to which some of the corn flour still clung, and looking at me with a pair of clear hazel eyes. "Roderick has often told us of your kindness to him."

And no sooner had she ceased speaking than I began to think that I had found the very place of all in which to spend my vacation, and I was sure of it after I had seen her father and mother—he an honest, out-spoken, cheery-faced old fellow, and she an attractive, still young-looking woman, with eyes exactly like those she had bestowed upon her daughter—and the neat, prettily furnished room they offered me, facing the grand old wood filled with nut trees that gave the place its name, and looking out at the side on a jolly little brook on whose sparkling waters some brilliantly plumaged ducks were proudly sailing. They wouldn't hear of my returning to the city that night, as I had proposed to do, but insisted upon my remaining until Monday morning.

"It won't discommode us in the least," said Mrs. Dayton.

"And by that time you will be better able to tell whether you like the place or not," added her husband.

"Like the place!" I made up my mind about that before I slept that night. It was heavenly, after the dust and noise and crowding and jostling of the city. And as for the eggs and milk, and chicken fried in cream, and light and airy muffins that we had for supper, they were heavenly too. "Phil cooked the chicken and made the muffins," whispered Roderick, who had, as I soon discovered—a fact that raised him greatly in my estimation—a most intense admiration for his only sister.

Sunday passed like a delightful dream, and early Monday morning I left, with a promise to return the following Wednesday, that being the day on which my leave of absence was to begin.

"Well, how did you like Nutwood?" asked Lon, as soon as we met.

"It's a very quiet, pretty place," said I.

"And the Mouse's description wasn't as highly colored as the advertisements?" he continued.

"It wasn't highly colored in the least," I replied. "I found there all he promised and"—"much more," I was about to add, but checked myself.

"Then what do you say to speaking a word in my favor when you leave? I might spend one of my holiday weeks there, anyhow. The other I've got to spend with the old folks."

"Oh," said I, emphatically, "Nutwood would never do for *you*. You'd get the worst kind of blues there in no time. It's so exceedingly—well, dull, you'd call it. You want to be where there's some fun going on. As for me, give me a pipe and a book, and I'm all right, you know."

Wednesday saw me installed in the cozy room, with the wood on one side and the brook on the other, and a week or less from that day saw me as wholly in love with Philippa as ever was city youth with bonny country maid. She was such a dear, frank, bright, unaffected girl, with no faults that I could see—and I watched her closely—unless a strong tendency to superstition could be called one. That spilled salt must be immediately thrown over the left shoulder of the spiller, lest he or she should quarrel with his or her next neighbor; that no journey or important undertaking should be begun on a Friday; that an umbrella or parasol opened under a roof betokened a great disappointment; that a crow crossing your path boded ill news; that the finding of a four-leaved clover brought good luck: all these, with a hundred other things of like nature, did pretty Philippa believe with the whole of her honest heart. I used to laugh at her at first, but soon learned to humor the harmless weakness, and threw spilled salt over my shoulder, went down on hands and knees—being rather near-sighted—to search for four-leaved clovers, carefully avoided passing under a ladder, turned back if I met a crow, and all the rest of it. Well, I fell in love with her; but, much to my chagrin, she didn't fall in love with me. She liked me in a sisterly sort of way—that I could plainly see; but she never thought of me as a lover—that I could also too plainly see. She walked with me—Tim, the embryo farmer, generally accompanying us; listened to my readings from my favorite authors; let me help her feed the chickens; taught me how to make butter and pot-cheese; but not a step further had I got when the last day of August arrived, and my vacation came to an end.

"You will come to see us?" said Mrs. Dayton, when I was taking my leave.

"Yes, indeed, if you would like to have me," I replied.

"Come as often as you can; the oftener, the better we will be pleased."

But Philippa said never a word, though a friendly interest shone in her beautiful hazel eyes. However, remembering the old proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady," I did not allow her non-invitation to keep me from fulfilling my promise to her mother, and I fulfilled it so well that I went to Nutwood every Saturday afternoon, and remained until Monday, for three months longer. Then, winter setting in in earnest, I was obliged to bid the farm-house good-by, without having received from Philippa the slightest encouragement to tell the story that was always trembling on my lips.

December and part of January passed away, and I had heard nothing from Mouse's only sister, when, one day, looking up from my desk, I saw him standing beside me.

"I've got a note for you, sir," he said, "from Phil." My heart began to beat wildly. "It came in one she sent me, and she told me to put it into your own hands."

I could scarcely thank the little fellow, I was so surprised, and taking the note from him, I opened it quickly and read as follows:

"DEAR MR. LOVEJOY,—I send you a lock of my hair" (my heart fairly galloped), "and I would be ever so much obliged to you if you would take it to Signor Rialto, and ask him to burn it and tell my fortune from the ashes. I also inclose a card with date of my birth, etc. He told Melinda Wells's in that way, and it's come true, and she is to marry the very one he described, on the 1st of March. You are to be asked to the wedding. She is the girl that went blackberrying with us once and you said looked like an Esquimau. I wouldn't trouble you, but Roderick is too young to trust with such an errand, and you are the only gentleman friend I have in New York. And the reason I don't send directly to him by mail is that it will be so much more wonderful if he reads anything true from the lock of hair not knowing from whence or from whom it comes.

"Yours truly, PHILIPPA DAYTON."

"P.S.—*Be sure to come to the wedding.*"

"What nonsense!" said I to myself (my heart having gone back to its usual trot), as soon as I had finished reading it, and for an instant I felt like throwing the whole thing out of the window. But only for an instant. Then I opened the inclosed envelope, took out the long shining auburn tress, looked at it with admiring eyes, came near kissing it, folded it up again, and put it carefully away in my vest pocket. And while putting it carefully away in my vest pocket an idea came to me like a flash, which, justifying myself with the thought that "all's fair in love and war," I began to carry out as soon as Lon came sauntering in from his lunch. "Lon," said I, "do you think yourself capable of writing out a full and true description of the undersigned?"

"What the deuce do you mean?" was his rather irrelevant reply.

"Just what I say," said I. "Alonzo Fordyce, can you, and will you, write out, nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice, a full and true description of your unworthy friend Tom Lovejoy?"

"Certainly, if you are in earnest, and I begin to see you are. And it isn't to be at all flattered?"

"Not at all. Lean a little to mercy's side, of course, but do the work so that your conscience can never reproach you for it."

"Well, here goes," and seizing pen and paper, Lon began.

"That won't do," said I, looking over his shoulder.

"What won't do?" asked he.

"Why, 'Tom Lovejoy.' No name must be mentioned. Begin thus: 'He is about five-and-twenty.'"

"All serene," said Lon, taking another sheet of paper, and alternately scribbling and looking at me for about ten minutes, at the end of which time he handed me the description.

"He is five-and-twenty; tall and somewhat slender; with dark blue eyes; black hair, inclining to curl; straight nose; rather large mouth, partly hidden by mustache; chin slightly projecting; mole near left eyebrow; small hands, of which he takes the greatest care; bright smile; is fond of poetry, the country, and good things to eat; hasty in temper, but soon over it; hates to work, but too honorable to shirk; kind to animals and children; of retiring disposition; and altogether a very good fellow."

"How will that do?" asked Lon.

"It's a little too—"

"No, it isn't," he interrupted; "not a bit 'too.' And I sha'n't alter a word of it."

That settled it, for *I* couldn't alter it without betraying myself; so I had Lon inclose it in three envelopes, on each of which he, under my direction, drew some mysterious hieroglyphics, and sealing it with a large red seal, I dispatched it to Philippa with a little note:

"DEAR MISS DAYTON,—I send you the fortune evoked from your auburn tress. I hope it may prove a satisfactory one. I will be at the wedding if possible. With love to your father and mother and Tim,

"I am yours, most faithfully,
"TOM LOVEJOY."

And, true to my word, I assisted at Melinda Wells's wedding on the 1st of March. It took place early in the afternoon, and after it was over, Philippa and I walked home together along the banks of the yet scarcely awakened little brook. And as we drew near the farm-house, she suddenly turned to me and said—the wind blowing her fluffy ringlets all about her pretty face, and reddening her cheeks and chin:

"I must thank you for the trouble you took with that lock of hair. I dare say it seemed to you a very foolish thing to do, but he did tell so true about Melinda that I thought—I thought—"

And she paused, and looked shyly at me in a way very unusual to her.

"And didn't he tell you true too?" I asked, with great calmness.

"No-o-o—because—that is, he described a person as my—my—who has for a long time been somebody else's."

"How do you know this?"

"Oh, Roderick said—I mean—" And in her confusion she actually burst out crying, and her tears told me the happiest story I had ever been told in my life.

I clasped her in my arms. "Roderick said what, my darling?" I demanded, as she struggled to free herself.

"That you were engaged to a lovely young girl," she sobbed, "who often came to your office, and that she went to England last summer, and so you came here because you couldn't bear to go to any nicer place without her."

"Philippa, that lovely young girl is my cousin, the youngest daughter of my uncle John, and she went to England on her wedding trip last summer. And there is no 'nicer place' in all the world than this for me, and if a certain dearest of girls, Philippa Dayton by name, will promise to be my wife, I shall spend all the holidays of my life here."

"Then it's all right," said Philippa, clasping her hands and smiling through her tears. "*He described you* EXACTLY."

And I never had the heart to undeceive her.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

SOME OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS.

I HAVE been back to my home again,
To the place where I was born.
I have heard the wind from the stormy main
Go rustling through the corn;
I have seen the purple hills once more;
I have stood on the rocky coast
Where the waves storm inland to the shore;
But the thing that touched me most

Was a little leather strap that kept
Some school-books, tattered and torn.
I sighed, I smiled, I could have wept,
When I came on them one morn;
For I thought of the merry little lad,
In the mornings sweet and cool,
If weather was good or weather bad,
Going whistling off to school.

My fingers undid the strap again,
And I thought how my hand has changed,
And half in loving, and half in pain,
Backward my memory ranged.
There was the grammar I knew so well—
I didn't remember a rule;
And the old blue speller—I used to spell
Better than any in school;

And the wonderful geography
I've read on the green hill-side,
When I told myself I'd surely see
All lands in the world so wide,
From the Indian homes in the far, far West
To the mystical Cathay.
I have seen them all. But Home is best
When the evening shades fall gray.

And there was the old arithmetic,
All tattered and stained with tears.
I and Jamie and little Dick
Were together in by-gone years.
Jamie has gone to the better land;
And I get, now and again,
A letter in Dick's bold, ready hand
From some great Western plain.

There wasn't a book, and scarce a page,
That hadn't some memory
Of days that seemed like a golden age,
Of friends I shall no more see.
And so I picked up the books again
And buckled the strap once more,
And brought them over the tossing main:
Come, children, and look them o'er.

And there they lay on a little stand,
Not far from the Holy Book;
And his boys and girls with loving care
O'er grammar and speller look.
He said, "They speak to me, children dear,
Of a past without annoy;
And the Book of Books in promise clear
Of a future full of joy."

"PSCHUTT."

A DELUGE of newly coined and fashionable slang (says the Paris correspondent of London *Truth*) has come suddenly upon us. That expressive word "chic," which fitted so much that is Parisian, is in danger of being swept away by the horrible "pschutt." This term is of German origin, and was, the rumor runs, put in circulation by the Princess LISE TROUBETSKOY. She had it from BISMARCK, who jestingly laid a wager that if she introduced it into *le high-life de Paris* it would at once be accepted as current lingual coin. He did this to give an example of the levity of mondaine society there. The Princess, on arriving from Berlin, told an infatuated dandy, bearing an old name, and engaged in squandering a large fortune, how she had read in the German papers that he was *très pschutt*. He at once asked her the meaning of the term. "Why, a mirror of fashion—nothing more nor less."

So the fine gentleman went round the *petits salons* which are open at the end of winter, declaring that such a picture, such a beauty, such an equipage, such a toilet, was awfully "pschutt." Fashionable moths and butterflies converse only about what is "pschutt." We associated "chic" with cleverness and some taste. "Pschutt" is a flower of brains softened by dissipation. The word already has got to mean that there can be nothing pschuttish without plenty of money, and that one can in making a guy of one's self at great expense be *tout à fait pschutt*. It's very "pschutt" to have one's coat of arms emblazoned or embroidered on the back of white Swedish gloves.

The dandy who is "pschutt" wears square-toed shoes, very much cut down at the instep, and thin black silk stockings. His street paletot is short in the waist and long in the skirts; angles are rounded off the collar. His trousers are tight and short, with large pocket flaps, and his hands are ungloved, but *très soignées* and glittering with rings. DUMAS *fils* predicted in our time the advent of *l'homme-femme*. That prophecy is accomplished. It is "pschutt" to wear in the evening a white waistcoat buttoned with a jewel that accords with the field of one's coat of arms. The word "pschutt" breaks out like a zymotic eruption in the Vanity Fair columns of the Boulevard gazettes. Tailors, jewellers, milliners, and tradespeople who live upon the vanity of the wealthy have got it on the tips of their tongues. The characteristics of this new species of the "Dude" are well portrayed by Mr. GRAY-PARKER on page 319.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

WELLS AND WELL-WATER.

WELLS are of two kinds—surface wells and Artesian wells—and there is an essential difference between them, as the accompanying diagram, Fig. 1, will show.

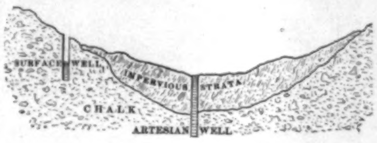


Fig. 1 (FROM GALTON).

A surface well, however deep, is one which gathers the waters from the soil adjacent to it. An Artesian well is one which pierces through impervious strata into water-bearing rocks below it, and consequently yields a supply of water which has percolated for great distances underground, as from the summits of distant ranges. The water of Artesian wells is generally abundant and exceedingly pure, at least as regards any surface pollution. Some of the best water in London is supplied by Artesian wells which are sunk through the impervious clay stratum, and gather the pure filtered waters of the chalk stratum below, and which have fallen in rain upon the Malvern chalk hills which surround the London basin.

The rain-fall upon pervious strata sinks into the ground; that upon impervious strata passes off into streams and rivers. But when the rain-fall, having percolated through a loose formation, as chalk, reaches a deeper layer which is impervious, as clay, then it accumulates in subterranean reservoirs, escaping at the lowest points as distant springs, but only accessible from above by the deep boring of the Artesian well. This is in general the source of the purest water that can be obtained for use.

Surface wells may yield as pure water as the Artesian, but the presumption is to the contrary, for they are exposed to many sources of contamination, which vary with their situation. In the city, surface wells are almost always rendered foul by the percolation of impure matters from the neighboring ground, and even in the country surface wells are fouled in many ways. The most frequent and fatal cause of pollution is the nearness of the well to the cess-pool, especially when the latter is situated upon the higher ground.

But even upon level ground the same contamination may take place. The under-ground currents of water do not flow level; they fall, or even rise, according to the strata, more or less permeable, between or through which they flow, and which confine them above and below. A well which is ordinarily pure may be polluted by a rise in the level of this under-ground water, as shown in Fig. 2. Here the well, as long as it is supplied from the ordinary water line, remains pure. But rainy weather, which raises the under-ground current to the flood-water line, raises it also to the level of the cess-pool, and conveys the infectious matter directly to the well.

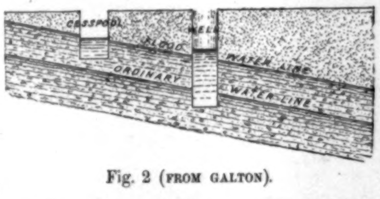


Fig. 2 (FROM GALTON).

Shallow wells are very liable, again, to contamination from impure substances, animal or vegetable, in the adjacent soil; and this danger is increased by the common practice of permitting the water that is spilled at the curb to find its way directly back into the well. The ground should be sloped away from the curb, and paved or puddled so as to drain away any overflowing water to a safe distance. In surface wells generally the drainage of the neighboring soil should be cut off from the well by casing it with cement, as shown in Fig. 3.

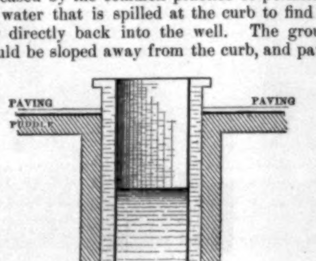


Fig. 3 (FROM GALTON).

"In deep surface wells," says Captain Galton, "differences have been observed in the purity of well water, as the water was taken from the surface by dipping, or pumped from the bottom of the well. In one case, where the depth of water was over fifty feet, the surface water was found to be more contaminated with organic impurities than that from the bottom, as if a layer of lighter water from the surface drainage floated on the spring water below. In another case the solids per gallon amounted to 66.23 grains in the bottom water and to 3 grains only in the surface water." During the Crimean war the Turks, according to the same author, got filtered surface water by this device: "To select a site near their camp where the surface was clean, and dig a hole and place in it a barrel, in the bottom of which holes had been bored, so that water from the deepest part of the hole should alone come into the barrel. If they wanted filtration, they got a smaller barrel, and bored holes in the sides; they then placed the smaller barrel in the larger one, ramming sand in below and all round, and thus forming an upward filter of sand through which the water passed." No people understood better than the Romans the importance of having sufficient water at hand, whether in city or country, at home or on a military expedition. The supply of ancient Rome was about three hundred gallons per head per day—the most abundant supply on record. The modern Romans have kept up but a part of this supply, yet they are more generously provided with water than any other modern city I know of. Whenever, in old times, a Roman camp was found, there you were sure to find abundant water also. Dr. Corfield notes an example of this in England. "A friend of mine," he says, "took me up to see a Roman camp at the top of a sandstone hill. It puzzled us to think how the Romans ever got water at the top of that porous hill. We were, however, strolling about, when suddenly I saw half a dozen rushes, and that was quite enough to show that there was water. A pocket of clay was there which prevented the water from going down farther, and no doubt there was a well at that spot to supply the camp."

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

ACCORDING to accounts, the ragged little suit which Sarah Bernhardt wore when her talent was first discovered has a market value $21,000 in excess of that of the guitar which Rachel used when she sang for bread in the streets of Paris. Lord Ward offered Madame Bernhardt 125,000 francs for the suit, and the Marquis of Hereford offered Rachel two diamonds worth 20,000 francs for the guitar. Madame Bernhardt said she didn't want to sell the dress, and Rachel said, "Not for all the jewels in the crown of Queen Victoria."

A choice patch of desert may become a very valuable piece of land to own if the industry of ostrich raising continues to grow. It is said that loose pebbly sand is necessary to the health of the birds. About a hundred and twenty ostriches are on a farm near Cairo, Egypt, the greater part of which is desert, and are thriving far better than if they were surrounded by the disadvantages of an oasis.

A statistician estimates that at the beginning of the Christian era the mined gold of the world was worth four hundred and twenty-seven million dollars, that it had diminished to the value of fifty-seven million at the time America was discovered, and that the value of the gold now in use is six thousand million dollars.

Six Chinese manufacturers of shoes in San Francisco have gone into bankruptcy of late, and there have been several other failures of Chinese houses. The prejudice against the heathen from Cathay is not lessened, however, by any evidences that his Americanization is progressing.

A mysterious disease has attacked the fir-trees in Maine, and threatens to greatly impair the producing capacity of the spruce-gum orchards. It is hoped that the young ladies' seminaries will survive the blow.

Ah Quack, of San Francisco, is not a medical practitioner, but a dealer in cigars.

The light-house lamps which consume the most oil require each nearly three gallons a night, and the light is equal to that of four hundred candles.

It is now stated that the Keely motor will be started on the Fourth of July. The Fourth is becoming a much-abused day.

The trestle-work railway bridge in course of construction across Lake Pontchartrain will be twenty-one miles in length. It is claimed that it will be the longest bridge of its kind in the United States. The trestle-work on which the elevated trains in this city run would be a good deal longer than the Louisiana structure if the several divisions were in a continuous line.

Relics of George Washington, bought several years ago by the government, and stored in a dark room in the Patent-office, have been recently placed on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution. They comprise the robe in which Washington was christened, and the easy-chair in which he sat a few minutes before his death.

At a banquet given by him in London to Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Mr. John Pender, M.P., the English "telegraph king," said that in the course of his recent visit to America the car in which he was travelling was stopped by the waving of a small white flag, and a telegraphic message was handed to him. It contained the news of the British victory at Tel-el-Kebir. He replied immediately, congratulating Sir Garnet Wolseley, and he was afterward told by the British commandant that he received the answer before sunset of the same day.

An English burglar recently told how he came into possession of the key of a safe which contained a fortune. "Nothing easier," he said. "We knew who carried the key and what it was like; so me and my pals we gets into the same carriage with your manager when he's going home by rail. One of us has a bag which he can't open. Has any man got a key? Your manager produces a bunch, and my pal he has wax in his palm, and takes a likeness of the key of the safe while seeming to open his bag."

In a block of ice artificially frozen recently in Mobile were a fish weighing twenty pounds, a bottle of dry champagne, and an assortment of choice flowers. The block was to be shipped to a gentleman in this city, who was to "display this specimen of Southern fish and flowers at a magnificent dinner to be given by a social club in New York."

There is a story to the effect that a company of men, all of whom are six feet tall or taller, have founded a town in Montana, called Giantville. Lots will be sold to no one under six feet in height. The wives must be at least five feet and eight inches in stature. It is suspected that the aim of the founders is to ultimately monopolize the industry of supplying museums and circus side-shows with giants.

A young man from Ohio recently applied to a Congressman from that State for an appointment in the Railway Mail Service, and the Congressman went to an official of the Post-office Department, who told him that the prospect was not very good, since vacancies do not occur very often, and there were nearly six thousand applications on file from Ohio alone for places in the mail service.

"And what do those positions pay, that they should be in such demand?" the Congressman asked.

"Eight hundred dollars a year to begin with," was the reply.

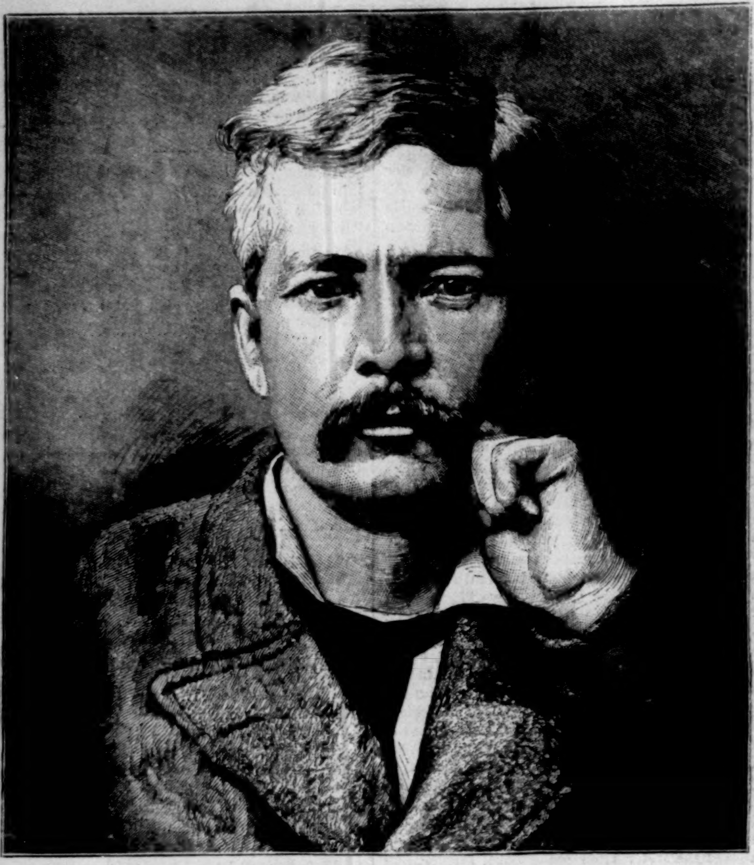
A Boston paper seems to find pleasure in the statement that it "was very characteristic of the literary coterie in New York that no one could be found at the Nineteenth Century Club, convened to hear Dr. Holmes's paper upon 'Emerson as a Poet,' who could confess to having read Emerson enough to talk about him." It is characteristic of persons of literary tastes in New York that they do not volunteer their opinions at length with so slight encouragement as that which suffices to put on tap the literary wisdom of certain Boston coteries.

The people of Vera Cruz have been visited by an epidemic of catarrh, which is attributed by the ignorant to the building of railroads thereabouts by Yankees. Railroads are educators in a certain sense, and educated persons are subject to hay fever. It is probably hay fever and not catarrh that ails the Mexicans.

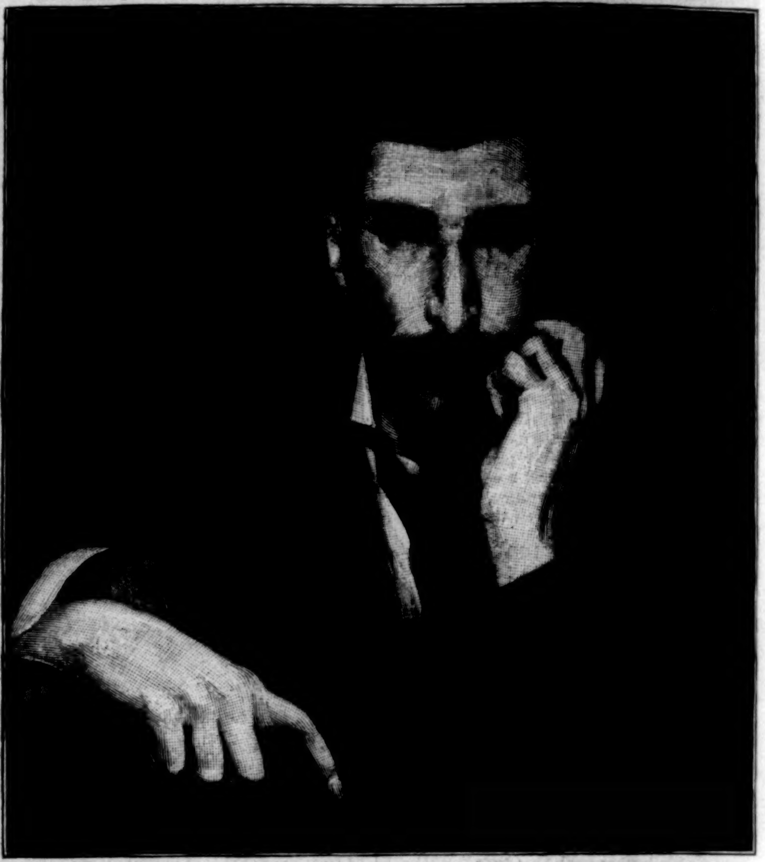
A romance of the wilds of Florida is told by a Boston paper. Two years ago, the story has it, a newspaper correspondent attempted to explore the jungle in which is a pit called "De Debil's Tar Kiln," from which sulphurous vapors rise. Everybody in the neighborhood counted him as good as lost, except a pretty Tallahassee girl. When he returned, in a very bad plight, and in danger of losing his life because of his having inhaled the poisonous gases, the negroes were all afraid of him, for they believed that no one could come back from the place without the permission of "de ole bad man." The Tallahassee girl cared for him till he was able to start for his home in the North, and a few weeks ago he went back to Florida on the errand which properly rounds out the romance.

A Missouri farmer whose house was insured against damage by fire or lightning has sued the insurance company to recover the amount of the policy, his dwelling having been destroyed by a recent cyclone. It is held in his behalf that the destructive force in the cyclone was produced by electricity in the atmosphere. Professor Tice has testified that electricity is the prime cause of tornadoes, and that the wind is one of the results of that cause. He claimed that some clouds are so heavily charged with electricity that houses are lifted from the ground toward them. The other side is inclined to make merry over the farmer's claim and the theories of his expert witnesses.

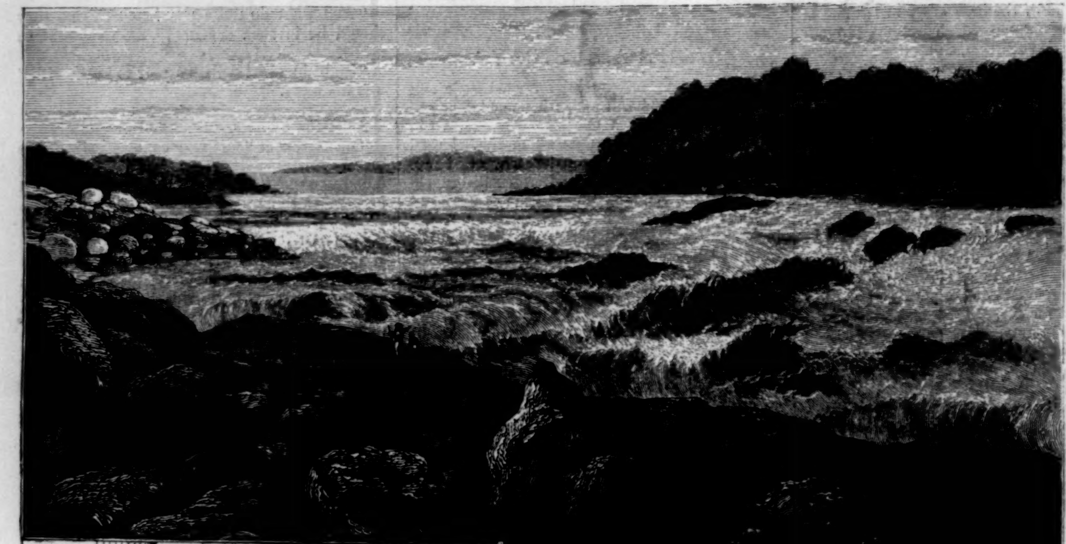
A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* endeavors to forecast the immediate results of the beginning of work by the Civil Service Commission. He writes that theirs will be the most delicate task that any three men in Washington will have to do. No sooner will they begin operations, he says, than an organized raid will be made upon them. "The managing politicians on both sides," he further writes, "are so thoroughly imbued with the idea that theirs is the inherent right to provide for their friends that they are not slow to urge on the contemptuous expressions for the Commission's work." Some six thousand five hundred clerks in Washington will be affected by the new law, which goes into effect in less than three months. The same writer says: "If intelligently supported, the new law will secure those changes which public feeling has in a measure effected, and make permanent the drift toward better things which has been insensibly growing up for a few years past."



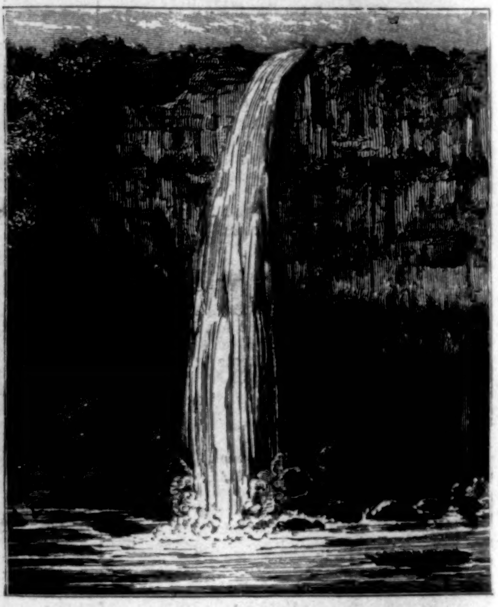
HENRY M. STANLEY.



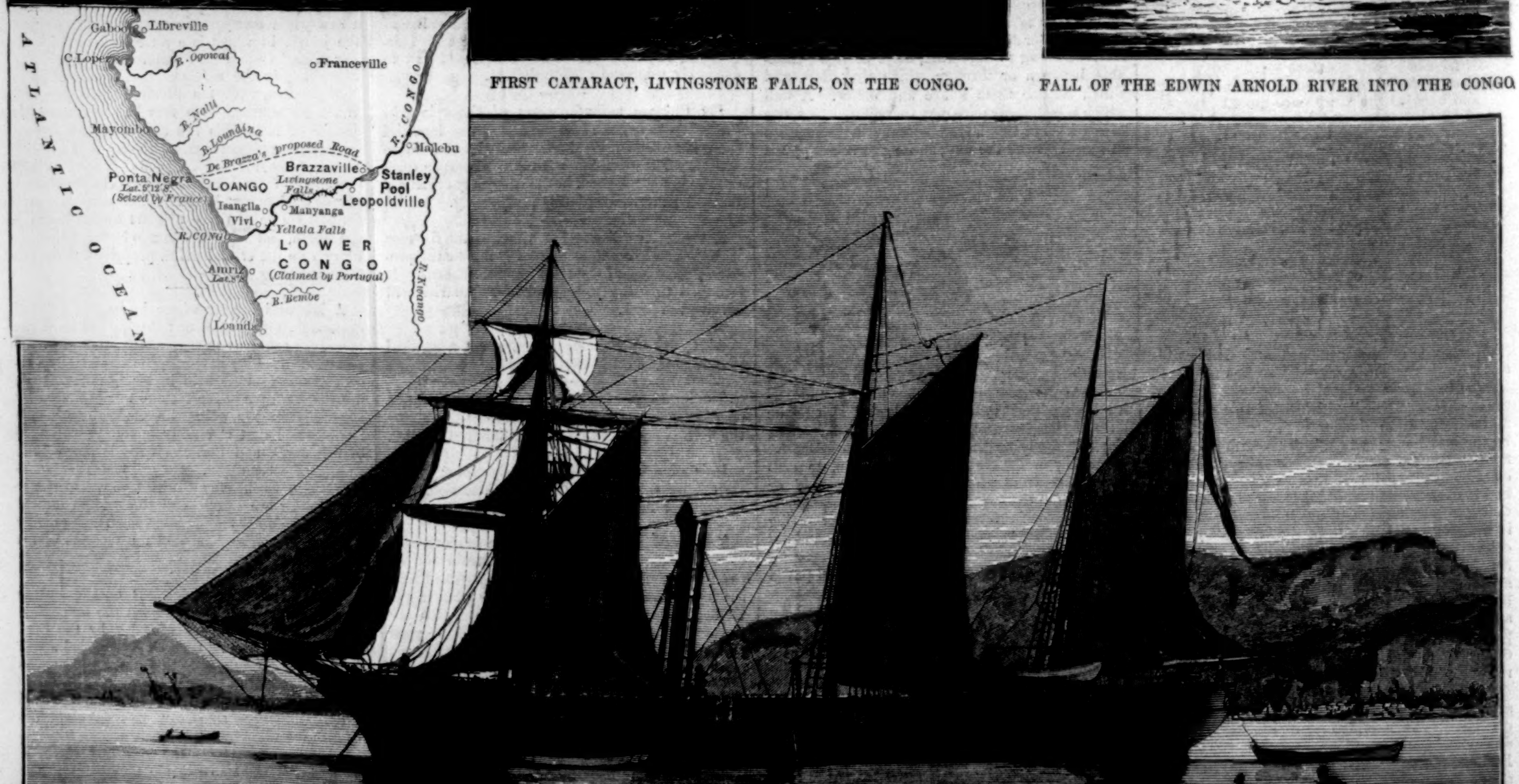
SAVORGNAN DE BRAZZA.



FIRST CATARACT, LIVINGSTONE FALLS, ON THE CONGO.

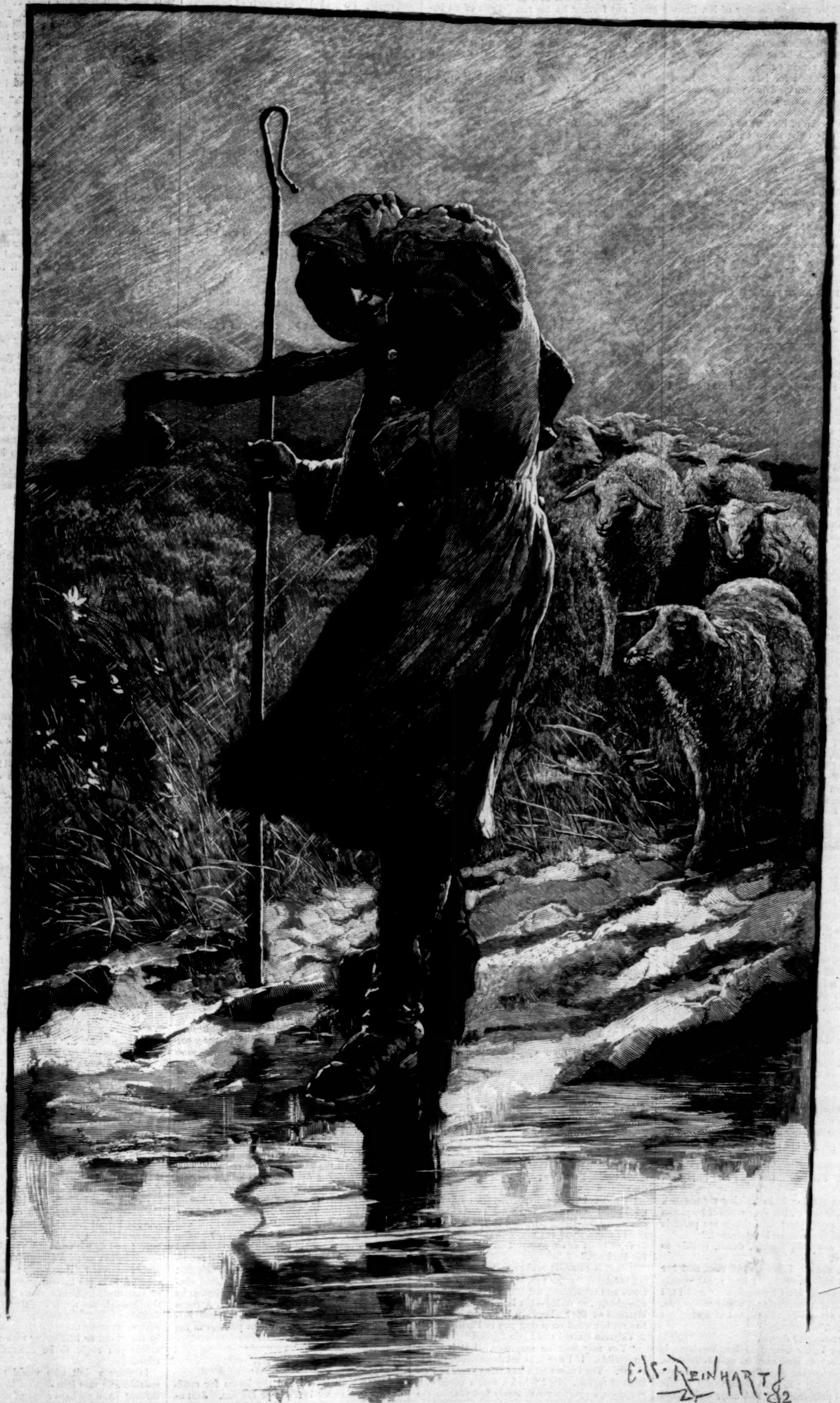


FALL OF THE EDWIN ARNOLD RIVER INTO THE CONGO.


Gaboon
Libreville
C. Lopez
R. Ogowai
Franceville
R. CONGO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Mayombo
R. Nalli
R. Loundina
De Brazza's proposed Road
Mallebu
Brazzaville
Stanley Pool
Ponta Negra
Lat. 5°12' S.
(Seized by France)
LOANGO
Livingstone Falls
Leopoldville
Isangila
Manyanga
Vivi
Yellala Falls
R. CONGO
LOWER CONGO
(Claimed by Portugal)
Ambriz
Lat. 8° S.
R. Kwango
R. Bembe
Loanda

"LE SAGITTAIRE," FRENCH GUN-BOAT, WITH DE BRAZZA'S EXPEDITION.

THE WAR ON THE CONGO.—[See Page 315.]


E·L·REINHART '82

THE SHEPHERD—WIND AND RAIN ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 314.]

THE SUSSEX SHEPHERD.

On page 313 we present another of Mr. Reinhart's admirable sketches in Sussex, England, the picture of a shepherd leading his flock homeward over the Downs through a storm of wind and rain. "The lot of the shepherd," says the writer of the article on "English Farmers," in Harper's Magazine for last April, "is more severe than that of other laborers, inasmuch as he is out every day in the year, Sundays included. When the winds blow on the Downs, the shepherd makes a screen of his coat by hanging it on furze bushes or on the sheep wattles. This is his shelter for the day when the southwest rainstorms come up from the Channel. It is not very lonesome on the Downs, because the shepherds can see each other (unless a fog comes up), and often can talk to each other. On a nice day in winter it is pretty lively on the Downs. That being the hunting season, there are hundreds of people about there then, and 'lots of ladies' on horseback."

"DISARMED!"[*]

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

But can the sun ever be said to shine on a common day? Just as the heavens are thronged with dark stars, globe upon globe, that wander unperceived amid their shining compeers, so human events are in part hidden from observation. We see and take account of what is conspicuous and self-evident; little do we dream of all that is going on around us, under our very eyes even, perhaps far more momentous to ourselves personally, but unrecognized and unrecorded for the time being as if they were not.

No sooner were the shutters opened and the blinds raised in Miss Hermitage's house than all was bustle and commotion. A thousand things had to be done, a dozen plans matured; May to be spent in Paris, June in London, the hot months on the banks of the Thames or in the Highlands, then back again by November to the kindly south coast.

"But mind, Valerian, not to the same house," Miss Hermitage said. "A house, like a husband, should always be taken on trial. It is wonderful how perfect houses and people seem when they do not belong to us, when we can get rid of them at a moment's notice. The very notion of not being able to get rid of a thing makes it odious. So no houses except on short leases."

Arthura found it easy to be light-hearted amid the distractions of a general packing up. But what if she could have heard a certain conversation going on just then between her lover and Mr. Constantine? The old man had called to take leave of his cousin, and catching Valerian by the button, carried him off to his lodgings.

"Give me five minutes, or a quarter of an hour at most, my dear Valerian," he said, comfortably settling down for a leisurely talk. "You are rich in time, a millionaire, indeed, but I am a pauper, my few wretched coins, counted out every day, fast dwindling."

"An hour if you please, sir," Valerian said, in his airiest, pleasantest manner. Busy as he was all day, he always found time to be pleasant.

"You are a very agreeable person; you ought to succeed, as the phrase goes," began Mr. Constantine, perusing the other's physiognomy with uncommon attention. "But now tell me, my good Valerian—I am interested in you, as I am bound to be, of course—tell me your own notion of success. What do you mean to do with yourself? What have you thought of as a career? For of course you must not spend the best part of your life in simply making yourself agreeable."

Valerian laughed his little hard, worldly laugh. "I ought to plume myself in being able to do that," he said, sarcastically. "It is at least a livelihood."

"You have caught the family trick of jesting with serious things, I see. But listen to me. If, as I take it, you have good parts, and if, as I am willing to believe, you have feelings to match, then, my dear Valerian, you need not rest satisfied with being a finished nobody."

Valerian laughed once more.

"It is not every nobody who can be finished, so I pay you a compliment after all. But now just think how much better you might do. As far as possibilities go, you are the luckiest person in the world."

"Possibilities can hardly be regarded as a career either," Valerian made light and biting answer.

"Ah! you are far from divining my purport. What, then, is not within your reach if Stephana consents to marry you? All things are possible where a generous woman is concerned."

Valerian sat still, flushed, dazed, unable to open his lips.

"We are alone. I am an old man, and her kinsman as well as yours. I may speak openly to you," continued Mr. Constantine. "And I tell you I dare aver that Stephana would marry you, out of pure generosity, maybe, but of a kind not to be spurned."

Valerian remained dumb.

"The fact is, my dear Valerian, Stephana is noble to a degree that may be called Quixotic. The very reason that might prevent another woman from giving you her hand would induce Stephana to proffer hers. You must understand me."

Still Valerian's pale lips found no words.

"Stephana would of her own accord and in her own person atone to you for the wrong done you by one also of our kith and kin. But before going any further let me remind you of an important point. This sweet, lovely Stephana has a propensity which may have escaped your notice. She is always on the lookout for people's 'souls.' If you have not a soul, I fear she will have nothing to say to you."

"What is a soul?" asked Valerian, half in jest, half serious.

"You may well ask what," said the old man. "But Stephana knows. Stephana is not to be deceived. Now I am quite sure she is prepared to marry you. But I am equally sure of another thing: you must satisfy her exactions on moral and spiritual points. I am in earnest, Valerian. This noble creature has nothing in common with certain others of our name, but name. The world for her is no mere fair, no raree-show got up for sensual gratification, but a serious place—a place in which our business is to do, and not look vacantly on. As the steward of Stephana's fortunes, your work would lie in wholly new lines."

"Pardon me, I ask with all respect," Valerian said, still unmanned, and even agitated, "but will you tell me if Stephana has authorized you to speak to me on this subject?"

"She has," replied Mr. Constantine. "One word more, however, about this said business of the soul. It is the most weighty, after all, for everything hangs on it. Stephana's fortune and future are wedded to the public good. Would you be ready to aid and uphold her? to sympathize with her philanthropic schemes, and not to rail at them? You must know, my good Valerian, that doing good, as the phrase goes, is a serious matter nowadays. The Holy Elizabeths and Vincent de Pauls are out of date, outlandish as the clothes they wore, obsolete as the speech they used. What alone can help the world now is a magnanimous public spirit, a new and more righteous law, not baskets of broken bread for the poor and spitals for the old."

He looked inquisitorially at his companion, and added, laughing lightly: "You know something of my career—no irreproachable one in the matter of domestic relations, no exemplary one in matters of finance. But mark me, Valerian, from first to last I have steadfastly kept my post in the vanguard of progressive opinion, and Liberalism, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. I was a spendthrift at your age, a sad wild fellow too, but I have helped to amend more than one bad law, to frame more than one just one. The world owes more to me, the sinner, than to many a congregation of saints."

"That may well be, sir," Valerian said, laughing.

"Hearken, my dear Valerian. Let not the belief in what I call twopenny-halfpenny morality be your stumbling-block. Mind, I am not jeering at the bread-and-butter virtues. A man is bound to possess them, just as he is bound to have his linen washed and his beard trimmed; he is a reprobate without. But never think that you will save your soul (another phrase for fulfilling your duty) by being what is called an indulgent husband, a kind father, and so forth. Pshaw! The epitaphs make me sick, for, I ask you now, is it any credit to a man to be kind to his own wife, good to his own children? Were he otherwise he must stand lower than the brutes; but write what eulogies you please on the tomb of him who has befriended the abandoned wife and the widow, who has fathered the orphan, adopted the friendless."

"The fact is," Valerian made answer, "so little virtue has hitherto shone in the world that we have had to make the most of it."

"Aptly said. Now note for a moment the abjectness of human ideals, when we glorify what we are pleased to call maternal devotion. Why, the she-animals will give up their lives for their young. Is a woman to be praised for what is no virtue among the brutes? And this same beautiful maternal devotion, forsooth! Do you suppose there was none of it among the fair-haired Southerners who, with babes at their own breasts, could see black sucklings daily torn away from their mothers? Were the Roman matrons devoid of maternal devotion, think you, while they could amuse themselves with torturing their slaves? The fact is, we are still in an age of rudimentary virtue. The higher is yet to be acquired, and then an epitaph will have some meaning."

Again his eyes wandered to Valerian.

"I really do not know if I am merely hearkened to out of pure amiability and politeness, or if you are of this way of thinking."

"To tell you the plain truth," Valerian answered, promptly, "I have been so much occupied in amusing Christina that I have had no time to think of other things."

"Poor Christina! Who will amuse her in another world, I wonder? But the inclination, my dear fellow—what about the inclination?"

"I will not play the hypocrite, sir. I have administered the funds intrusted to me by my cousin for charitable purposes to the best of my abilities, and there the matter has ended. It is little of heart or conscience that I have put into the business."

"That is candidly spoken. But now, supposing Stephana marries you, are you prepared to put heart and conscience, not into giving away money—charity, so called—but into the larger, wider interests of life? Between ourselves, Stephana has set her mind on seeing you in Parliament."

Valerian started and again flushed.

"You may well be surprised. But it is not impossible. If I live it is not impossible, that is to say. You know that I was many years in Parliament myself. Had I had a son, a nephew, a grandson, a great-nephew, handy last year on the occasion of the election, the thing would have been accomplished. Such an opportunity may occur again."

"You are very kind," Valerian said, utterly discomfited and embarrassed.

"There you are, swearing by the twopenny-halfpenny virtues, the bread-and-butter moralities, again. Do not think so meanly of Stephana and myself as to suppose that we should put a weighty responsibility upon your shoulders out of mere kindness, a wish to be agreeable. No, Valerian, I speak once for all plainly to you. Take in my meaning. We want an exponent, a mouthpiece. We want an heir of our convictions. For if I can not leave you an obolus (I shall have just one left to pay the dark ferryman's fare), I can at least bequeath you something not to be bought with money. You would come before the world as the inheritor of my political and social opinions."

"I am most deeply beholden to you—to Stephana no less," began Valerian, falteringly. "But—"

"But you are taken by surprise. You want to be left to yourself awhile. We quite understand that," replied Mr. Constantine, kindly. "Nor can Stephana be pressed either. She begged me to add that. You must say nothing to her till she herself opens the subject."

Valerian breathed more freely.

"Should I write to her?" he asked.

"By no means. I was only to clear the way, as it were, for future negotiations," said Mr. Constantine. "Say nothing, do nothing, till she first gives a sign."

"And when will that be, sir?" asked Valerian, still pale and anxious.

"Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps a year hence. Who can answer for a woman?" laughed Mr. Constantine.

"We are not likely to meet just yet," Valerian said, with sudden alacrity. "I am to carry off our cousin to Paris to-morrow."

"To Paris! And what on earth has Christina to do in Paris? Buy new ball dresses and new bonnets to carry with her to Persephone's kingdom? Has she thought of the small amount of luggage permitted us on that journey? But never mind. Give her my love, Valerian—my best love. She has just sent me a dozen of Madeira."

"And what are you going to do, sir?"

"What should an octogenarian do but sit in the sun, and get a neighbor to listen to his bablings? Good-by, my dear fellow. Bring Christina and her new bonnets safe back from Paris."

What could Valerian do but feel ready to curse alike his good and evil fortune? The evil, indeed, seemed more bearable than the good just then. To endure poverty, insignificance, nay, ignominy, by Arthura's side would be easy; but to give up Arthura's love for the cold splendor of Stephana's friendship was impossible. He would write to her at once, thank her for her magnanimity, and reveal the truth.

There was nothing else, indeed, to do. Stephana should receive a letter explaining everything that very day. Having come to a conclusion without immediately acting upon it, Valerian's mind, as often happens, now went through a series of indecisions that finally landed him on one of a directly opposite nature.

To write to Stephana was the only straightforward, manly, inevitable course. So said Valerian at the outset, yet, because he did not forthwith sit down to do it, one sophistry after another made itself heard on the other side. He must write warily. Stephana must not know of the trap into which Christina had fallen. Such a disclosure would prove fatal to Arthura's prospects as well as his own. Some other justificatory plea must be put forward. But what plea? A hint of concealed romance, a vague indication of the reality? No; suspicion would naturally fall on Arthura, and by little and little the whole truth would ooze out. To wait, to temporize, to trust to happy chance, seemed at first the easiest and soon the only expedient, even practicable, course.

And, after all, there was no question of love on Stephana's side. That he knew right well. Stephana's nature was high-minded, large-hearted generosity—nothing more. When she might fairly be intrusted with his story she would very likely feel a sense of relief, and profess herself quite ready to do all for Arthura's lover that she had proposed to do for a husband. And finally, reasoned Valerian, nothing was to be gained and all hazarded by precipitation. He had fallen into the common mistake of measuring others by his own standard, failing to take into account that he had here to do, not with the world, but with a noble woman. How should he know that truth was to Stephana as the very air she breathed, the mere suspicion of falsehood or make-believe being poison to her?

Gradually, therefore, he decided to put away present perplexities with the comfortable thought of compromise. He should win Stephana over to his cause by tact and persuasion, and thus obtain at last all the advantages she had proffered, without sacrificing Arthura. He should become Arthura's husband and Stephana's heir.

Nor did it seem incumbent upon him to unbosom himself to Arthura. Why disturb her mind and make her unhappy by the thought that she was standing between him and his fortunes? Time enough to tell the flattering tale when she should be his wife, and would listen playfully and proudly. And there was another re-assuring thought: Stephana might very likely change her mind altogether. Valerian finally ended his cogitation by willing one thing and wishing another. Arthura must, should be his wife. None the less Stephana should give him a brilliant position in the world.

CHAPTER XV.

Little time indeed had the lovers for confidential talk either in Paris or London. Just as the choicest cates are to be had for money, so what is called agreeable society becomes a matter of the purse. We are perhaps the very best company in the world, but the wise and the witty, our compeers, are bribed by the rich inviter, and we sit down to our Barmecide's feast alone. Alexander visited the son of Sinope in his tub, it is true; but then the fame of Diogenes was greater than that of Alexander. Few of us but would dine off the cynic's portion of beans once in our lives if we were sure to be talked of ever after. For the most part the Diogeneses are forgotten, and well for those who have wit that the dull never find it out! Were the man of intellectual parts and spirit appreciated by the mob, he would be more pestered than a Prime Minister.

Miss Hermitage's comfortable hôtel on the Champs Élysées was filled from morning till night with well-dressed, gay, and pleasant visitants. Everybody was seeing everything, and of course had something to say. It were hard indeed had they not, considering that amusement was the business of life. For what Miss Hermitage was doing so deliberately and with such desperate resolve the rest were doing as a matter of course. Why moralize? Is not half the world occupied in amusing the other half? Is it not in the natural order of things that we should lazily enjoy whilst others toil and moil? If it ought not to be so, then why is it so? Let the moralist answer.

"I do think Paris quite perfection," Miss Hermitage said. "No dingy little streets; no rags and poverty at every corner. All spick and span, brand-new, and handsome. And what a comfort that the woe-begone-looking people keep out of sight!"

Herein was she not following the example of her neighbors also? Let the stark face of misery hide itself, let want not make moan in our hearing, do we not all say? What have we to do with pain and sorrow not our own? Away with them! Let us turn the corner and look in another direction. Yet methinks we can not always shut out these unsightly phantoms that cross us in the common paths. Who has not seen, without being able to forget, some tear-stained, anguish-stricken face in the crowd, some wan spectre, hardly man or woman any longer for the wastings of some hunger or disease? Who has not encountered at some time or other a pair of human eyes from which looked out an awful, an utterable despair? We jostle elbows and pass by, but the look haunts us for days, and will not vanish altogether. Did some angel of pity meet these unhappy ones ere it was too late, or did the gulf of misery swallow them up? We shall never know.

"Mind, Valerian," Miss Hermitage would often say to her steward, "no niggardliness to the poor. There are more sham beggars than true ones, I have no doubt. That is not your concern. In relieving all I relieve my conscience."

This easy-going philanthropy, as she called it, settled uncomfortable self-questionings; but whilst Valerian was bidden to lavish money on the suffering and the needy, he was also enjoined to keep them our of her sight.

"It is all very well for poor people to sympathize with one another," she said. "They have nothing else but good wishes to give. Why should I allow my feelings to be harrowed up when I can give a guinea instead? It is much more to the purpose than floods of tears, I am sure."

What, therefore, with bringing light-hearted, prosperous guests to Miss Hermitage's threshold and keeping the dismal away, Valerian and Arthura had not a fraction of time left for love-making. Even our most trustworthy friends, those who are as the apple of our eye, will sometimes fall ill, grow low-spirited, marry, or die—all social sins of the first magnitude in Miss Hermitage's eyes. People must be ailing at times, certainly; must have troubles; must pair off; must make an end. But they were bound to perform these duties amusingly, or at least agreeably, and with due regard to the feelings of others.

"Poor dear Constantine," she said, regretfully, on the eve of quitting Paris. "I am sorry, after all, that we did not bring him. He would have greatly enjoyed himself. But at his age who can tell what may happen? and with the best intentions in the world he might have died in the house. No. We must all think of ourselves in this world. Life is too short to think of other people."

If the mazy whirl of Paris and London were acceptable, no less so the cool retreat on the banks of the Thames whither Miss Hermitage resorted for rustic pleasures.

"A pleasing land of drowsy-head" it was, from which Valerian was bound to keep away tediousness. Miss Hermitage had a passion for animals, but it fared the same with them as with human beings. The slow, pensive dog must not be tolerated. The cat less given to purring than it ought had no place on her window-sill. Even the cocks and hens must be knowing, and the pig must have *esprit*. She had rather a fancy for plain homely farm-yard creatures; they reminded her of her childhood. But good parts she would have at any price in both man and beast; and as wit and spirit may be hired, if not bought, what could Valerian do but go to the proper market? Nevertheless, he must be accredited with the inventiveness of Scheherezade or Haroun-al-Raschid's court jester. His position, indeed, was much like theirs, and it is wonderful to reflect how most people's wits would be sharpened under the same circumstances. Death by the sword or belaboring with a bag of stones unless you begin to be entertaining this very minute!

Is there a dolt who would not straightway sparkle like rare Ben Jonson himself under the threat? And perhaps some of us would run the risk of the penalty for the sake of being thus translated. To wake up and find one's self famous were a faint emotion compared with that of waking up and finding one's self a wit after having been a dunderhead for years.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

It is easy to be light-hearted in summer-time; even an unquiet conscience may be lulled to sleep by rose-laden breezes and the soft stirring of green leaves above our bare heads, and Arthura caught the spirit of her patroness's Castle of Indolence. Valerian managed things so beautifully that there was no need to quarrel with him any more. Miss Hermitage had entertainment enough without. And so long as they were not forced to quarrel, Arthura could do without love-making. Valerian dared not be more than courteous; he even feigned little flirtations with one or two of the pretty girls who looked as if they had walked out of Watteau's picture on to Miss Hermitage's lawn But once perhaps in a week the lovers would find time for a word.

"I have got a fortnight's holiday for you; you are to go home next week," said Valerian one day when the pair were absolutely alone, Miss Hermitage and Colette drowsing, as was their wont after lunch, the servants amusing themselves with hay-making in sight of the house, hardly a creature within.

Arthura's eyes brimmed over with tears of joy. A whole fortnight, and so soon! It seemed too good to be true.

"If you take your step-mother and the children to Margate, may I run down to see you?" asked the radiant lover.

Beauty is doubly beautiful in summer-time, when dress is worn for grace, and not for a defense against the cold.

Arthura's was no shy, artless loveliness, looking its best in innocent white muslin and blue waist ribbon. She must be sumptuous even in summer-time, and her fine eyes and rich complexion were never seen to better advantage than now. The color and texture of her dress, wine-red, soft, with creamy ground, had metamorphosed her into a gorgeous flower. If the girl's eyes became moist with joy, Valerian's beamed with lover-like pride and admiration.

"You beautiful thing!" he said, standing back to gaze on the picture. "You animated Gladiola! Where do you get these astounding dresses from? Yesterday your gown was the color of a peony, to-day silky white dashed with purple!"

"It pleases Miss Hermitage to see me fine as a peacock," Arthura answered, carelessly. "And I have a passion for gorgeous colors myself. They put me in spirits, like military music."

"Well, you shall never be out of spirits," laughed Valerian. "There are plenty of beautiful gowns now to be had for money. Although," he added, quite intoxicated by the dazzling apparition before him, "you would look just as well in a brown holland pinafore over bombazine, which is what you will have to wear when we are married."

"Dear Valerian," she said, her sportive mood vanished, all the pure, fond, girlish devotion of her heart for once on her lips and in her eyes, "do you love me? Will you love me always?"

The woman's question answered in the man's way. "Always? As if it could be otherwise than always!" and he raised a fold of the superb gown to his lips and kissed it passionately. Arthura, holding him off at arms'-length by the hands, looked into his eyes as if to read his very soul.

"Are men ever constant?" she asked, half in sport, half in earnest.

"Wait and see, Santa Thomasina," was the confident answer.

It was a rare moment for both. They seemed once more in France, free to love, free to dream blissful dreams, to be happy. There was such a rapturousness in the air, rose-scented air wafting crimson velvety petals upon the lovers as they stood by the open window, such a burden of love in the songs of the little lazy birds, such deep unspoken contentment in the hum of the bees and murmur of insects.

And the voiceless flower world? Was there no joy, no sympathy there as one glowing rose-leaf after another nestled to Arthura's bosom, like little Loves seeking a home? It seemed as if it might be so to the lovers, neither wiser nor more foolish in their bliss than any other pair.

Anyhow an hour of love with all its fair promises was vouchsafed to this sweet trusting Arthura. Had ever any woman more?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WAR ON THE CONGO.

Two of a trade, saith the proverb, can never agree. When the two are explorers, and explorers of the same region, discord is inevitable. The main social and literary use of exploring a country is that you may thereafter tell any stories about it which occur to you as interesting and plausible without being challenged. "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him." And so when Mr. Stanley and M. De Brazza gave dinners last year for the purpose of disparaging each other's exploits in exploration, it did not seem that there was much more at stake than their professional jealousies and vanities.

M. De Brazza, according to the account of Mr Stanley, which seems to have been borne out by the facts, is a lively commercial traveller, of Portuguese or some other variety of "Dago" extraction, who devoted himself to discovering—under the auspices of a Belgian company, which in turn was under some sort of half-avowed French protectorate—countries which Mr. Stanley had already thoroughly discovered, and through which Mr. Stanley's backers were constructing practicable roads and waterways. More than that, M. De Brazza returned, bringing what he declared to be commercial concessions of an exclusive kind from potentates of all shades from amber to umber, who had already given the like concessions to Mr. Stanley, and who, still according to Mr. Stanley, would have refused to receive M. De Brazza at all, even if they had refrained from eating him, but for the admiration and respect for the white man in general wrought in their dusky bosoms by the walk and conversation of the American explorer.

There were here, evidently enough, all the materials of a personal quarrel which would have satisfied even Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and it can not be said that the opportunities afforded Mr. Stanley and M. De Brazza for reciprocal defamation were not eagerly embraced when they returned from the scene of their labors to the scene of their triumphs. But it is now seen that there is something much more serious in the aspect of affairs on the Congo than a personal quarrel of explorers. Since the beginning explorations have been prosecuted and colonies established with one view—that of the extension of trade. The merchant, indeed, is often himself the explorer. The Arab traders were the pioneers of African exploration. And when the explorer is an adventurer or a missionary, the trader follows closely in his wake. The struggle for the west coast of Africa is simply a struggle for the West African market. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the busiest time in colonization which the world has ever seen, following as it did the addition of a new world to the world then extant, the motives of acquisition were strictly commercial. And the object of the fateful voyage of Columbus himself was what would now be called the cheapening of freights in the Indian trade. The race that ensued between England, Holland, France, and Spain no doubt did more to diffuse civilization than any other series of events that ever happened. But there is one very marked difference between the extension of trade in the seventeenth century and the extension of trade in the nineteenth. It was to bring "peltries" to England and spices to Holland and gold and silver to Spain that the old voyages were undertaken. These things were "bought," when the natives were not despoiled of them, for mere gewgaws and trinkets which did not represent a hundredth part of the labor the products of which were exchanged for them. In our time the main impulse to commercial rivalry is the necessity, growing yearly more imperative, of finding new markets for European products which the improvement of the means and processes of manufacture keeps always at the perilous edge of "overproduction." This necessity is the key to the foreign policy of all European nations, and especially of Great Britain. Of course the "natives" of Africa or of any other continent can only pay with what they have; but it remains true that while the object of extending commerce was in old times to obtain superfluities, it is now for trade that is vitally necessary, and this fact makes national rivalry, even if it is more peaceful, keener than it used to be, and more in the nature of a "struggle" for life.

The West African trade is therefore an object of great and growing importance. It will be seen by one of the sketch maps that the actual communications of Europe with the west coast are carried on by three lines of steamers, two English and one Portuguese. The direct British trade with the Portuguese possessions amounted in 1881 to £229,177 exports and £136,257 imports, the former chiefly coal, cotton goods, and arms and ammunition, the latter chiefly caoutchouc, coffee, and ivory. The British steamers, however, of which there are about thirty engaged in the West African trade, derive much of their profits from doing a coasting business along the African continent, touching as they do at thirty or forty places. There are really no European possessions near the mouth of the Congo except those of Portugal, and the trade of other nations is hampered by very oppressive tariff restrictions. Portugal, however, is scarcely enterprising or powerful enough to assert against England her claims to the trade of the interior, which is in the way to be opened along the route made practicable by Stanley.

On what the French "claims" are founded, except on the weakness of Portugal, it is difficult to make out; but strength has never, since the famous case of Wolf *v.* Lamb, lacked "claims" upon desirable objects possessed by weakness. De Brazza's rediscoveries of Stanley's discoveries can scarcely be pleaded, nor even the "concessions" which De Brazza pretends to have from native chiefs who had already given to Stanley whatever they had to "concede." That is to say, these things can scarcely be pleaded against England. Against Portugal, and still more against the native kings themselves, any pretext will do that is backed by force enough. In this latter essential, however, M. De Brazza, who is for all practical purposes the French government, appears to be weak also. Ponta Negra, where M. De Brazza landed in April, is well clear of the Portuguese possessions, and there is no immediate danger of a quarrel between his expedition and the Portuguese authorities. But M. De Brazza has "annexed," in the name of France, African territory having a coast-line of three hundred miles, and to make good his claim to it he has two companies of French troops, one from Algeria and one from Senegal, and both therefore acclimatized. Meanwhile Mr. Stanley has been for three or four months on the Congo, superintending his works, and without doubt "organizing African public opinion" against De Brazza's expedition. The organization of African opinion seems to be the issue of arms and ammunition. The London press, while disclaiming for England any intention of taking part in a war, hints that British sympathy with the oppressed—that noble quality so touchingly exemplified in Ireland, Afghanistan, Zululand, and the Transvaal—will not permit the oppressed to lose any chances for lack of "Winchester rifles." The *St. James's Gazette* throws out this intimation in one column, while in the next it gives an interesting account of "British Trade with West Africa." Altogether, what with Stanley, Winchester rifles, British sympathy with the oppressed, and "British trade with West Africa," it does seem that in undertaking to subdue a territory of three hundred miles frontage, by an unknown depth, to the obedience of the French republic, with a force of three hundred men, M. De Brazza has undertaken one of the maddest projects ever conceived.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

A Case of Shamming.—Soothsaying extraordinary.—An Objection to Signing Things.—A New Use for Photography.—Having it out.—The entrapped Curate.

Of all the queer forms of shamming, I have never known the equal of that adopted by a lady (presumably a married one) in the neighborhood of Canterbury. It is her fancy to obtain admission at various workhouses upon the plea of being in an interesting condition, and the case an urgent one. Nurses sit up with her all night, doctors hold themselves in readiness, and she receives every attention. In the morning she is discovered to have nothing the matter with her, and with many apologies for her mistake she trots away, to carry out the same performance elsewhere. It is only under such exceptional circumstances, as she is probably well aware, that she can be sure of getting so much attention. The pauper who congratulated himself upon "riding in his carriage at last" had to die first before the compliment could be paid him; but this lady has found out for herself a much better way.

An individual has been taken up for damaging the private dwelling-house of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Police—a "high-handed outrage in Utica" indeed. Of course he was thought to be insane, but the doctor who examined him could only discover that "he had been in a state of pauperism for some time, and was probably laboring under delusion." But, to judge by the conduct of the lady above mentioned, you may be in a state of pauperism, yet only be the cause of delusions to other people. Indeed, if science had not thus pronounced it, I should have doubted that being ever so poor for ever so long was identical with lunacy. Some of the cleverest folks I know have never (by their own account) had a shilling to spend except the one with which their parents "cut them off" in their will. I wonder, by-the-bye, whether that proverbial shilling is ever really received; and if so, is the legacy duty first deducted?

A poor woman of Wolverhampton has been consulting a soothsayer as to the redressing of certain wrongs. The person applied to at once informed her—nor did he need to be a conjurer to do it—that the individual she most disliked in the world was her mother-in-law. "Negotiations were then entered into" over a pack of cards, by which it was agreed that this domestic enemy should be "paralyzed." There is a vulgar phrase, expressing at once greed and enmity, "I would punch his head for twopence," but for "paralyzing" the charge was naturally higher: the soothsayer demanded two and sixpence for it. The woman herself, too, had to provide the ingredients for the "charm"; one of them, "some of her husband's hair," could probably be easily enough secured—she had only to get up a quarrel and "go for" a handful of it; but the other, "dragon's blood," seems, in the absence of dragons, to have presented a difficulty. In the end the whole scheme broke down, and the soothsayer, unable to "paralyze" the arm of the law, has fallen into the hands of the police. But what a state of intelligence and education this incident betrays as regards Wolverhampton!

It is well known that some people have an insuperable objection to signing their wills. So long as that ceremony is postponed they imagine that Fate will never be so inconsiderate as to hurry them from this state of existence with pecuniary affairs "unsettled." There are even a few persons—who have had, perhaps, some unfortunate experience of lawyers—who can never be got to sign *anything*. A lady of this sort is now, with her daughter, in Liverpool workhouse. She has a thousand pounds in Chancery, and ready money in the Preston Bank, but can't get any of it out, because she knows better, she says, than to put her name to anything. "Raw Haste" may be "half-sister to Delay," but, on the other hand, prudence of this kind may almost be said to verge on obstinacy. I especially pity the daughter, who but for the extreme caution of this old lady's character might be "moving in the best circles" of Liverpool, or, at all events, of Birkenhead. I wonder what the real paupers think of her?

There is a famous story told of a gentleman who, while his photograph was being taken, made such horrible faces as to suggest convulsions. "If I take you like that, sir," said the artist, "no human being will recognize you." "That is exactly what I want," replied the customer. "I desire to send a portrait of that very kind to Jemima Anne. As I am I can never escape her, but as the victim of a railway accident which has distorted every feature, it is possible that she will break off the engagement." A young man at Hammersmith has been applying this anecdote to his own purposes—he too had suffered (in imagination) from a similar catastrophe—but used it, not to break off with his fiancée, but to get money out of her. She found him on his sofa, with bandaged arms and legs; an individual was with him who had come on behalf of the railway company to arrange the compensation for damages, and who agreed to give him £50 next week. "In the mean time, my darling," moaned the victim, "perhaps you will lend me your money" (she was a house-maid, and had £40 in the savings'-bank) "till Saturday, that I may complete the purchase of the little home that is awaiting us." Under these false pretenses she did so. The next day she met him in the street, perfectly well, and instead of congratulating him on his miraculous recovery, she, very properly, gave him into custody.

Some people have no sense of the proprieties. A man died in the London Hospital a short time since, and his wife declined to furnish the funds for his interment. On learning, however, that his sister had done so, she was exceedingly annoyed, and went "with a few friends" to the funeral, with the intention of "having it out with her." Nor did she falter in her purpose. Taking advantage of the leisure afforded by the reading of the burial service in the chapel, she pulled her sister-in-law's bonnet off, and following up her advantage when they got without-doors, knocked her down once or twice upon the grave. "The interment, however," says the report, "was subsequently carried out without interruption." One is glad to hear of that, of course; but if in the cemetery in question—that of the Tower Hamlets—such scenes are not unusual, it must certainly add a terror to the melancholy position of chief mourner in that locality.

The story of "the entrapped curate," who had vowed himself to a life of celibacy, and of the young lady who persuaded him to kiss her, and got an instantaneous photograph taken of the incident, is not a very new one. If that, however, were sufficient reason for keeping it out of the newspapers, what should we have left to read? My objection to its present circulation is founded on much more solid grounds. There was not the least reason why the young lady should have made those scientific arrangements under her own roof for the execution of the dozen impressions (cabinet size) which she offered at £20 apiece to the young divine. They might have been executed anywhere. A photograph of the curate and one of herself would have been all that was necessary. As in the composition of the celebrated article on Chinese Metaphysics, the artist would have only had to "combine his information." Does any one suppose that in the well-known "instantaneous photograph" of the stoat and the rabbit those animals were actually taken in pursuit and flight?

R. Kemble, of London.

CINNAMON CULTURE IN CEYLON.

Cinnamon, which we value so highly at the present time as an important spice, claims an antiquity accorded perhaps to but few other products of the same class, for cinnamon was in very early days used, as it is now, as a flavoring agent. In the Mosaic writings, as well as in several other books of the Bible, cinnamon is frequently mentioned, often in conjunction with cassia, and later on, in the writings of Theophrastus, Herodotus, Dioscorides, Pliny, and others, references to this spice occur. From what has been said by early writers, there can be no doubt but that cinnamon was held in high repute, and was counted amongst the most costly of aromatic substances.

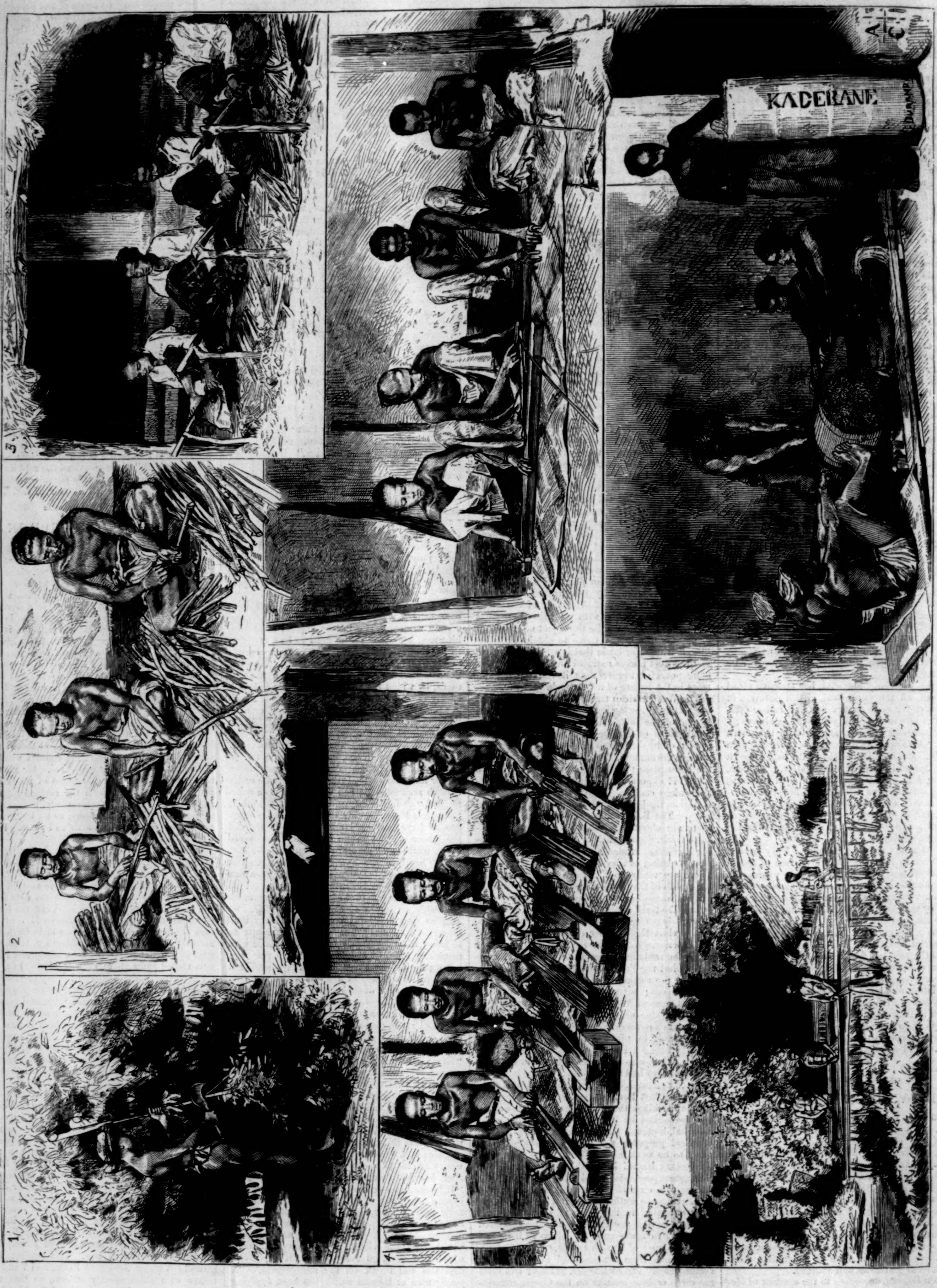
Regarding the countries producing cinnamon in the early ages, we find no record that it was ever obtained from Ceylon, the country where it is now most extensively cultivated. Sir Emmerson Tennent says, "In the pages of no author, European or Asiatic, from the earliest ages to the close of the nineteenth century, is there the remotest allusion to cinnamon as an indigenous production, or even as an article of commerce, in Ceylon."

When and how cinnamon was first collected in that island appears to be entirely unknown, though it is supposed the Chinese were intimately concerned in its discovery. The earliest records of cinnamon as a Ceylon product date from the thirteenth century. Colonel Yule, the learned author of the *Book of Ser Marco Polo*, attributes the first mention of cinnamon in Ceylon to an Arab, Kazwini by name, about A.D. 1275, and next by John of Montecorvino, a missionary friar, who visited India about 1292 or 1293. In a letter contained in the Medicean Library in Florence this missionary describes the cinnamon-tree as of "medium bulk, and in trunk, bark, and foliage like a laurel, and that great store of its bark is carried forth from the island, which is near by Malabar."

"In 1536," says the learned author of the *Pharmacographia*, "cinnamon was cut from trees growing wild in the forests in the interior of Ceylon, the bark being exacted as tribute from the Singhalese kings by the Portuguese. A peculiar caste called Chalias, who are said to have emigrated from India to Ceylon in the thirteenth century, and who in after-times became cinnamon peelers, delivered the bark to the Portuguese. The cruel oppression of these Chalias was not mitigated by the Dutch, who from the year 1656 were virtually masters of the whole sea-board, and conceded the cinnamon trade to their East India Company as a profitable monopoly, which the company exercised with the greatest severity.

"About 1770 De Koke conceived the happy idea, in opposition to the universal prejudice in favor of wild-growing cinnamon, of attempting the cultivation of the tree. This project was carried out under Governors Falck and Van der Graff with extraordinary success, so that the Dutch were able, independently of the kingdom of Kandy, to furnish about 400,000 pounds of cinnamon annually, thereby supplying the entire European demand. In fact, they completely ruled the trade, and would even burn the cinnamon in Holland lest its unusual abundance should reduce the price."

So determined were the Dutch to retain the monopoly in the produce of cinnamon that the plants were limited to a certain number, and all above that number destroyed, besides which large quantities of cinnamon, after having been prepared for market, were frequently thrown into the sea or burned. It is recorded that on the 10th of June, 1760, an enormous quantity of cinnamon was wantonly destroyed near the Admiralty at Amsterdam. It was "valued at eight millions of livres, and an equal quantity was



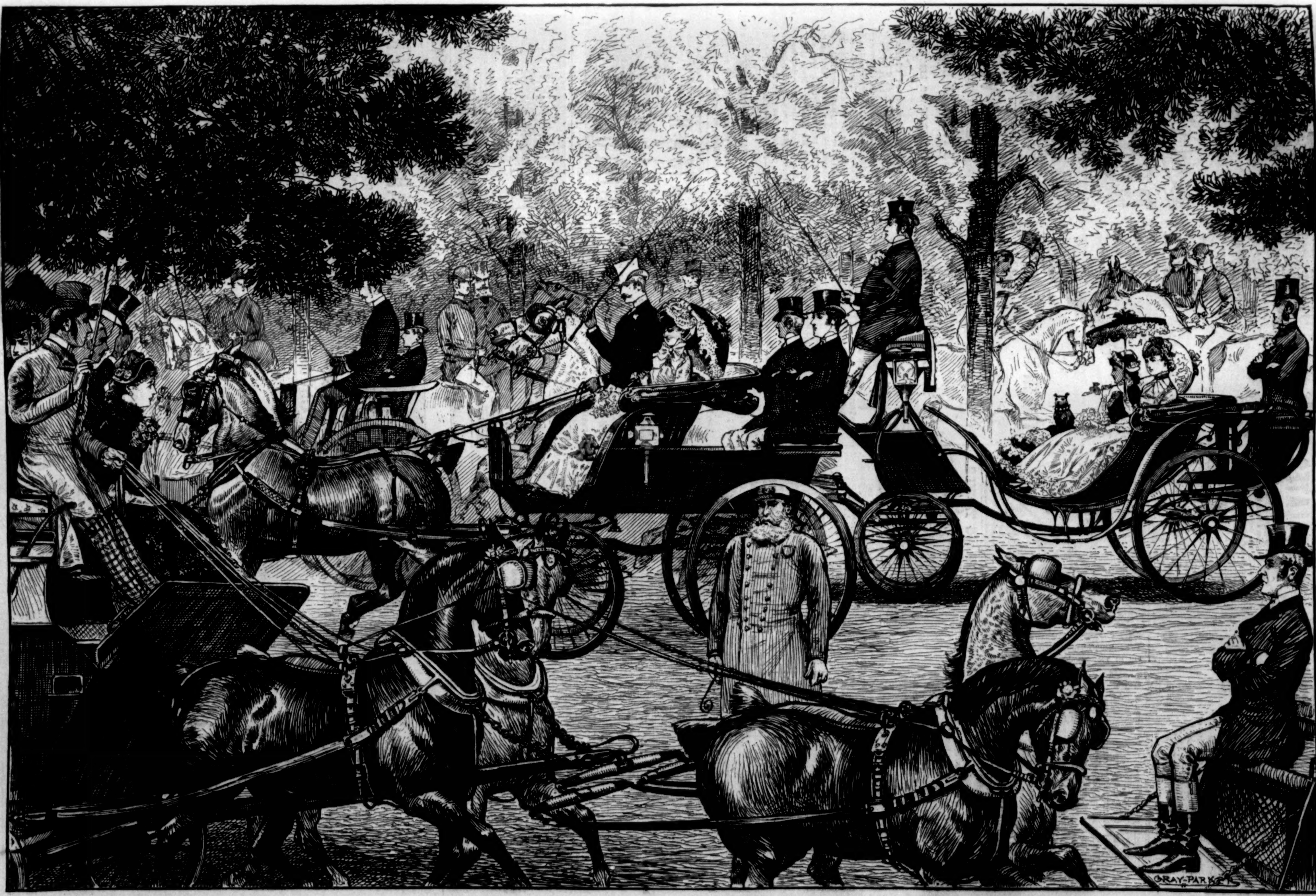
CINNAMON CULTURE IN THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

burned on the ensuing day. The air was perfumed with this incense; the essential oils, freed from their confinement, distilled over, mixing in one spicy stream, which flowed at the feet of the spectators, but no person was suffered to collect any of this, nor on pain of heavy punishment to rescue the smallest quantity of the spice from the wasting element."

When Ceylon came into the hands of the English in 1796 the cinnamon trade became a monopoly of the English East India Company, and it was not till 1833 that this monopoly was finally abolished, and the cinnamon trade passed into the hands of merchants and private cultivators.

The cinnamon-tree, which is very variable in form and size, is known to botanists as *Cinnamomum zeylanicum.* It is very generally distributed in the Ceylon forests up to an elevation of from three to seven thousand feet. The best quality of bark is obtained from a particular variety, or cultivated form, bearing large irregular leaves. The barks, however, of all the forms are very similar in appearance, and have the same characteristic odor, so that it is sometimes impossible to distinguish the best trees from appearance alone. It is not uncommon, indeed, for the cinnamon peelers when collecting bark from uncultivated plants to taste a small portion before commencing operations, and to pass over some trees as unfit for their purpose.

The cinnamon plants are pruned to prevent their becoming trees, so that several shoots spring up, four or five of which are allowed to grow for a year or two. At this period the grayish-green bark begins to change color, and to assume a brownish tint. When they arrive at the proper state of maturity, at which time they are usually from six to ten feet high, and from half an inch to two inches thick, they are cut down with a long sickle-shaped knife known as a *catty*, as shown in Fig. 1. The leaves are then stripped off, and irregularities in the bark slightly trimmed off, the trimmings being sold as cinnamon chips. The bark is next cut through at distances of about a foot, and cut down also longitudinally; it is then very easily removed by inserting a peculiar knife, called a *mama*, between the bark and the wood. After removal the pieces of bark are carefully put one into another and tied together in bundles. In this state they are left for twenty-four hours or longer, a kind of fermentation taking place which helps the removal of the outer bark. To effect this each piece of the bark is separately placed on a stick of wood convex on one side (Fig. 3), and by carefully scraping with a knife the outer and middle layers are removed. At the expiration of a few hours the smaller quills are placed within the larger, and the bark curling round forms a sort of solid stick, generally about forty inches long. These sticks are kept for a day in the shade to dry, and then placed on wicker trays for final drying in the sun, as shown in Fig. 6, and when thoroughly dried are made into bundles, each weighing about thirty pounds (Fig. 7).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AMONG THE MONGOLS.

THE Mongol of to-day is in many respects a separate man, timid, yet given to long, lonely journeys over pathless deserts; habitually abstemious, yet a drunkard; a controversialist, yet superstitious; a thief by instinct, yet law-abiding; rough, brutal, and cruel—using torture, for example, to extort evidence—yet in one respect gentler than any European. Nothing can induce him to hurt an animal, however low in the scale of creation. "Nowhere," says a recent traveller, "will you find less cruelty than in Mongolia. Not only do their cattle and flocks receive expressions of sympathy in suffering, and such alleviation of pain as their owner knows how to give, but even the meanest creatures (insects and reptiles included) are treated with consideration. Crows perch themselves on the top of loaded camels, and deliberately steal before the very eyes of the vociferating owners; hawks swoop down in the market-place at Urga, and snatch eatables from the hands of the unwary, who simply accuse the thief of patricide, and pass on. My bald-headed camel-driver was nearly driven to distraction one evening by a cloud of mosquitoes which kept hovering over and alighting on his shining pate. During the night there came a touch of frost, and when we rose in the morning not an insect was on the wing. Looking at them as they clung benumbed to the sides of the tent, he remarked, 'The mosquitoes are frozen!' and then added, in a tone of sincere sympathy, the Mongol phrase expressive of pity, '*Hoarhe! hoarhe!*' There was no sarcasm or hypocrisy about it." This tenderness is the more strange because the Mongols in their few cities or standing camps let beggars die of cold and exposure, though they never display the complete callousness of Chinese. The Chinese government in Lama Miao, the great entrepôt, punishes highway robbery with violence by a sentence of death from starvation; and our traveller saw this sentence carried out, the man being placed in a cage in the street, with his head outside, so that he might see the eating-shops, and die slowly of hunger and thirst. He was four days dying there in public. The Chinese citizens found this interesting, and strolled up every evening, laughing and jesting, to see the unhappy wretch suffer.

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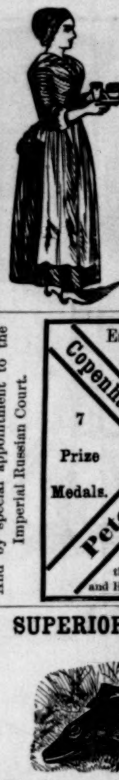

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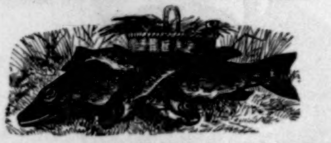

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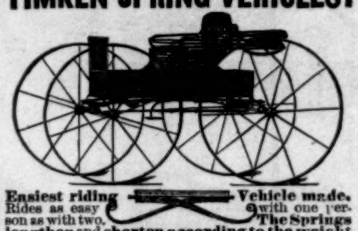

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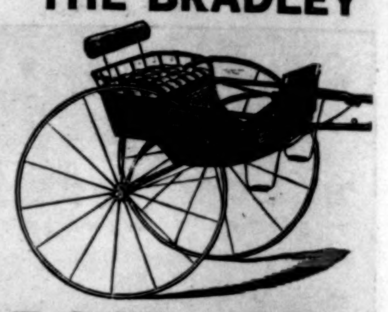

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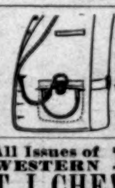

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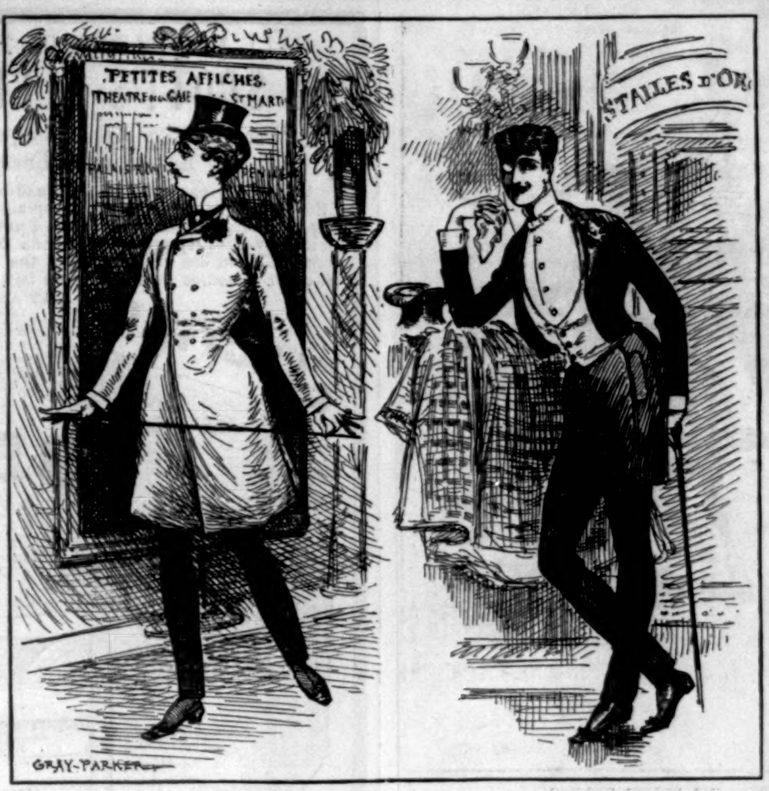

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